

COUNTRY LIFE

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LAND SETTLEMENT FOR SOLDIERS

THE Committee appointed to draw up a scheme of land settlement for ex-soldiers has done very much the same thing as other committees have done. It has had a number of sittings, collected evidence from miscellaneous witnesses, drawn up several interim reports, and at the end split into two divisions, responsible respectively for a Majority and a Minority Report. It was characteristic of the general confusion that the Chairman, Mr. Hobhouse, signed the Majority Report although he did not agree with it, and the Minority of three, Mr. C. H. Roberts, Mr. Leslie Scott and the Hon. S. G. Strutt, probably agree on very little else beyond opposition to the report of the Majority. It is very little use trying to analyse the causes of this cleavage of opinion. It is enough to know that it reduces the Committee to a state of paralysis, and unless some other stimulant is applied the work done will suffer the fate of the work

of so many other agricultural committees—it will pass into the oblivion of some mouldering pigeon-hole. Perhaps, after all, that is the best thing that can happen. The Committee set about its task in a very hesitating manner from the beginning, and no blame to it, for the start was made on wrong lines.

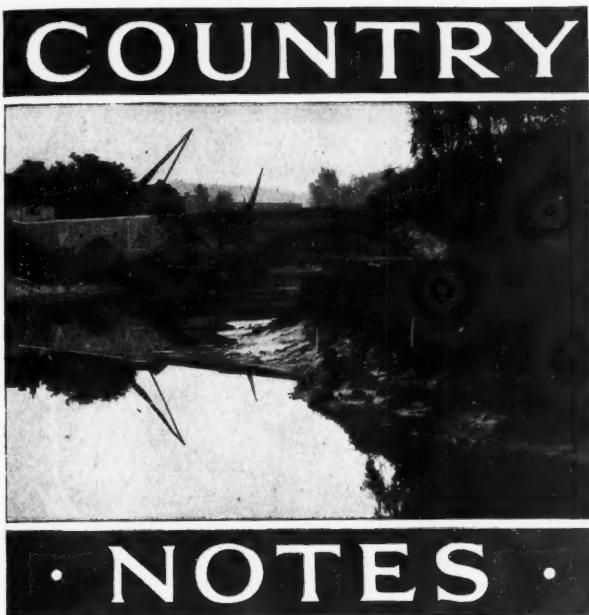
A very little reflection will convince anybody that a land settlement which is philanthropic in its nature cannot possibly be enduring. After philanthropy has spent its course the land must provide a good career to those who go back to it, or the whole thing is a failure. It will be better not to lose time in bewailing the wreck of this scheme, but to urge the Government to attempt a better and more ambitious one. After the war it is not a little measure for providing ex-soldiers and ex-sailors with work that will be needed, but a great and mighty reorganisation of agriculture for the purpose of making English land support English people. This desirable result can be achieved only in one way, and that is by making husbandry a better business than it has ever been before. There is no fear about the cultivation of the soil being neglected if we can assure to the cultivators a sufficiently large payment for their exertions. It is for the natural leaders of the people to see what steps shall be taken to ensure the better cultivation of the land. We know that it must follow three distinct lines—that cultivation must be more intense, that poor pasture must be ploughed up, and that waste land must be reclaimed. It is understood that the Government has at the present moment under consideration a measure to secure these ends. We are told, at least, that a bill is being thought out to provide for reclamation. But the others must be included as well. This is a work that cannot be done piecemeal, and the question arises as to the machinery by which the desired effect will be most readily achieved.

In the case of more intense cultivation and the ploughing up of poor pastures, there is so little choice that even a vacillating Government will be able to decide with comparative ease. It is far otherwise with the reclamation of the waste. Here is a new problem. No one as far as we know has up to now seriously suggested that Parliament ought to take this matter in hand. Yet it cannot escape doing so, the compelling force being high prices and submarines. It remains to ask what machinery can be brought into existence for carrying out the project. It seems not unlikely that compulsion will be applied forthwith, the idea being that the owner of land within a given time must either show a scheme for bringing his waste into cultivation or allow the Government to step in and do it. The latter may adopt one of two courses. Either that of actually doing the work and charging the estate with it or taking over the land at a valuation. All this is different from the course pursued on the Continent. There the first modern reclamation appears to have been done by societies worked on commercial rules for profit. These societies engaged to reclaim land for a fixed sum, or afterwards, when they grew opulent, they offered to buy the land and reclaimed it to their own advantage. Many patriotic citizens did this on their own account, and there has been illustrated and described in our pages at least one estate which was purchased for the purpose of reclamation by a prominent politician who carried out the scheme most successfully. We hope there is not less public spirit in this country, and that those who own land will set about its reclamation voluntarily. If they do so with sense and discretion, they may add very considerably to the value of their properties, and they can with the utmost confidence dismiss the notion that any particular risk is run. There need be no more than attends the simplest act of husbandry, which depends for its ultimate success upon moderately favourable weather conditions. It is, to say the least, doubtful if a Government scheme worked as it must necessarily be by paid officials without direct monetary interest in the result, would be sufficiently economical to ensure success.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Olwen Elizabeth Lloyd George, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, whose engagement to Captain T. G. Carey Evans, I.M.S., has just been announced.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



• NOTES •

ASINGLE topic has occupied attention during the past week to the exclusion of almost every other. Needless to say, it was the opening of the great Anglo-French offensive. It began early last week in a furious bombardment such as has been the prelude to every great battle of the present war. This was carried out along the whole line, so that it was impossible for the enemy to know where and when to expect the attack. At 7.30 on Saturday morning the Allied forces began to storm through their first line defences. It is very evident that, although the main lines of the strategy were laid by Field-Marshal Joffre, the details were worked out brilliantly and accurately by General Foch for the French and Sir Douglas Haig for the British. The initial success was great beyond expectation, and by Monday night the prisoners taken were numbered by the ten thousand; while a long string of villages that had been fortified by the Germans were one by one stormed and captured. In most of them the Germans had excavated deep cellars, and in some cases they hid till the conquering army had gone past and then turned machine guns on them. The British had the harder task, because they had to deal with more difficult country and a greater concentration of troops; but the French were very brilliantly led and, sweeping over a wide extent of country, gathered in prisoners by the thousand. It would be premature to build too much upon this success, which may only be the overture to a battle as long as that of Verdun.

WHEN the great epic of the war comes to be written the fighting at Thiaumont will form one of its most stirring cantos. The whole battle of Verdun affords an extraordinary example of resolution in attack and of tenacity in defence. The French Army has been splendidly handled to withstand the German onset, but the battle has now gone on for five months and the end is not yet in view. Whether the Germans will be forced to withdraw troops in order to meet the Anglo-French offensive, or whether they will fight on to achieve a moral counter-weight to what has occurred in the centre of the line will probably remain a matter of doubt for some days yet. Accordingly, as events answer the question the fate of Thiaumont will be decided. At the end of last week its fortunes varied daily and many times in the day. On Friday, about ten a.m., the French captured it, but by half-past three in the afternoon the Germans had managed to effect a re-entry, only to be thrown out again in less than an hour by the French. In the afternoon the Germans retook it, and in the Berlin official *communiqué* its possession was referred to as certain and permanent, but the French with extraordinary gallantry stormed it once more on Saturday morning and at the time of writing are still in possession. As hard fighting characterised each stage in the history of this fort, which is now a mass of ruins, we hope that an eye-witness will be able to preserve for posterity a vivid account of what took place.

LAST week we drew attention to certain "obvious signs of wavering in the latest official statement regarding the scheme for settling ex-soldiers on the land." Before the ink with which this was printed was dry the statement

was amply confirmed by the issue of a final report of the Departmental Committee, which showed the difference of conclusion which is only too characteristic of similar bodies. There is a majority and a minority report, and when this occurs the usual effect is one of paralysis. How many hundreds of reports have been drawn up by able departmental committees and left afterwards to moulder in a pigeon-hole. We suggested last week that reflection had not strengthened belief in the efficacy of the scheme originally recommended, and the report drawn up by the majority endorses this view, since it is, practically speaking, academical only and makes no proposal of definite action. The minority report is more decided in tone and urges the immediate adoption of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, a minimum price for wheat, and so on. The minority at any rate makes a display of energy, if of nothing else.

WE are all agreed that the two ends to be sought are (*a*) an increased food supply and (*b*) an increased rural population, but there is a difference as to the machinery by which these desirable ends can be achieved. Yet the cardinal point is very simple indeed. Compulsion is out of the question. Farmers will only be induced to double or treble their production by finding that it is profitable to do so. After further instruction in scientific methods they might to some extent attain their purpose by better cultivation, but it is obvious at the same time that the matter is of such national importance that the State may be compelled to enlarge the ordinary inducements by financial help either in the shape of protection or bounty. This is the reduction of the problem to its simplest statement. But if cultivation is to be assisted in either of these ways the State will be justified in demanding that the most profitable use be made of the land, and here interference might take a very unwelcome form. To give a bounty to farmers whose pastures are thin and whose arable is imperfectly cultivated, would be folly, as it would be to assist those who own large tracts of reclaimable waste. Agriculture may need protection, but it will only deserve it by utilising all the resources of the land.

THE INFANTRY.

[It really makes me feel bad at times to see the poor devils sweating along on a twenty mile march—from a bad billet to a worse, with the immediate prospect of a hell of a lot of digging and a later prospect of God knows what.—*Letter from the Front.*]

We stand bare-headed as they labour by,
Drenched, laden, draggled, underneath the sky.
To fight all day, all night the spade to ply.
They crack their Cockney chestnuts unaware
Of us invisible yet always there
Saluting in a silence as of prayer

THE INFANTRY.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

IN its new edition the "Oxford University Roll of Service, 1914—1916," is a substantial book of 326 pages. To look over the bald, brief, stern entries is to realise how nobly Oxford answered to the country's call. Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of April of this year made honourable mention of close on two hundred Oxford men. The Vice-Chancellor describes a literal fact when he says in his little preface to the roll, "Every society in Oxford has given of its best in learning, in athletics and social gifts. And all the varieties of Oxford men—Commoners, Exhibitioners, Scholars, Fellows—will be found among them." To get the names in it has been necessary to use certain signs which by their very simplicity are impressive. Thus a star in front of a name tells that the soldier has been mentioned in despatches, the use of heavy type signifies death at the front, and is usually accompanied by a date in brackets. Few can be able to glance down these pages without meeting the name of a friend, and nobody can fail to see how often the black lettering refers to the hope of a great family or one of its important members.

WE were extremely sorry to read in the *Times* a letter from Mr. A. W. Ruggles-Brise commenting unfavourably on the prospects of reclamation. His words are: "In my opinion, the reclaiming of land for wheat-growing or timber-growing purposes can never be undertaken as an enterprise to provide interest on capital, but only by a millionaire or a Government who wish to find work for the unemployed." Mr. Ruggles-Brise is a country gentleman of very great influence who claims also to be a practical farmer of forty years' experience, and a considerable amount of weight will naturally be attached to his opinion, which he backs

by the assertion that after the war the price obtained for wheat "will not pay for the chemical manures necessary to produce the crop on reclaimed land." It is plain that he has not given much attention to the subject. No land could be more unpromising than that which is being dealt with by Dr. Edwards in Norfolk; yet it is, even at this early stage, being worked at a profit.

IT may interest Mr. Ruggles-Brise if we mention a few of the crops which are regularly grown on land reclaimed from the waste in Germany, Holland and Belgium. Wheat, rye and oats are grown everywhere. In the Netherlands early potatoes are produced and also main crop potatoes which are expected to yield well above 10 tons to the acre—12 tons to the acre is not a very rare return. Mangolds, turnips, swedes, carrots, beans and peas are grown in abundance. At Esbeck, the reclamation of which was described in our pages a few weeks ago, the manager, we are sure, would be happy to regale Mr. Ruggles-Brise with much choice fruit and vegetables, if he felt inclined to pay the place a visit. It is by no means uncommon to find asparagus grown most profitably on waste. There are places in England not at present yielding anything which would bring in £40 an acre from this crop. Strawberries, loganberries, bush fruit generally, apples, pears, cherries, plums, all are grown, and grown for profit, on land reclaimed from the waste. Profitable, too, are the pine woods, spruce woods and deciduous woods that have been planted. And this without any help from millionaire or Government.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS in another part of the paper discusses a question that is beginning to assume a grave aspect. Baldly put, his contention is that the growing of hedgerow timber is a serious interference with good husbandry, and therefore injuriously affects the national food supply. Not all trees are equally injurious to crops. Only a few days ago we were talking over this very matter with a manufacturer of agricultural machinery, who is also a farmer of his own acres and therein follows the calling of his father and grandfather. He said his father held that ash and beech "sucked the land dry," but he did not object to the deeper-rooting oak, and he thought elms harmless. Our informant himself has cleared away many trees, but it is because he wanted to make the fields bigger so that they would afford space for the working of big machinery. He considers that many trees are worth keeping because of the shelter they give, and his idea is that his large hundred-acre fields should be protected from the east wind at least, not by hedgerow trees, but by a substantial plantation or shelter belt. As an exceptionally shrewd landowner who moves with the times, he is of opinion that in the future it will be wise and profitable to unite some attention to forestry with farming. To man and beast a treeless lane would be repugnant and in summer a torture, but yet he would prune the lower boughs very hard.

IN another part of the paper some account is given of the great agricultural show at Manchester. It just missed creating a record by a hairbreadth. The first two days witnessed a splendid attendance, but, unfortunately, rain interfered on the third and fourth day, so that the total number of visitors was only 150,000 as compared with the record attendance of 217,980 on the previous visit of the Royal to Manchester. The Royal Agricultural Society is to be congratulated on the show itself and sympathised with on account of the weather, which may possibly reduce the final figures so as to do away with the profit which at one time appeared to be certain. The interest in the show proves that agriculture is at last receiving the attention which it deserves. War has brought home to the popular imagination the fact that, in spite of the many advantages which Great Britain enjoys in the way of securing imports, it will be necessary in the future to arrange agriculture so that such a large supply of home-grown food may be possible as will prevent the inconveniences of which we are having a taste just now and which may be expected to increase enormously in the course of a few years when submarine warfare has had time to develop and become more efficient.

LAST week our contemporary the *Garden* gave an account of a most ingenious device for dealing with turnip fly, one of the plagues that make the gardener's life unenviable. It was originally invented by Professor Lefroy for use at Wisley and consists of a frame made of six pieces of half-inch deal 20in. long, to which two pieces of thin board (20in. by 5in.) are fixed so as to slope outwards and upwards on

the sides of the frame. These sloping boards are held apart by a cross bar and an end piece, so as to have 4in. clear between them at the bottom. The sloping board, the end pieces and the cross bar are greased and then the trap is drawn down each row of turnips so that the young plants pass under the cross bar and are brushed by the string loop. The beetles leap up and alight on the sticky boards and perish. The contrivance is an excellent one for the garden, but we are afraid that the farmer would find it costly and troublesome. It is recommended that two persons should draw the trap, although it is possible for one to work it; but even this would involve an amount of labour which could not easily be spared just now.

DESPITE the war, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has pursued with success its beneficent activities during the last year. It was inevitable that many schemes of repair, some of them urgent, should be postponed for lack of funds or labour, but the Society's watchfulness has continued and it will doubtless redouble its practical activities when peace comes. By way of preface to the annual report, just issued, Mr. Somers Clarke discusses war memorials, and pleads that they shall be congruous with the ancient buildings in which they are set. He has a special word of rebuke to sculptors for their frequent want of foresight and sympathy in this matter. Very often a piece of sculpture, beautiful in itself, looks ugly and even absurd by reason of the inappropriate setting to which it is condemned, while the proportion of the building is destroyed by the intrusion. This is an apt warning, but we must demur to the suggestion that no newspaper has given space to the subject of the "congruity of the memorial with its surroundings." COUNTRY LIFE has been insistent in drawing attention to this as to other aspects of war memorials, the design and setting of which are now the chief preoccupation of the Civic Arts Association.

ROSS-ON-WYE.

At Ross the Wye runs fast.
Away from melancholy meads
Where older streams once passed
It leaps with haste; no whit it heeds
The record that its might
Is graving on the valley course;
From Ross it speeds in flight,
Yet comes to Ross with youthful force.

At Ross runs fast the Wye—
A tireless flood that never rests.
As rolls the river by,
The cawing rooks, perched in their nests,
Sit brooding on the bough,
Not caring whence the waters spring,
Nor where they go, nor how
They move with ceaseless murmuring.

The Wye runs fast at Ross.
The rising waters foam and whirl,
And moonbeams dance and toss
Upon the buoyant waves. The pearl,
A lustrous bauble sphere,
Has no such mystic shadow-fields
As on the Wye appear
When moon with cloud its witchcraft wields.

F. J. REED.

ON the face of it nothing imaginable could be more unpatriotic than the strike which took place last week at Barrow-in-Furness of five thousand engineers and allied tradesmen engaged on munition work at Vickers Limited. At a moment when the country is straining every nerve in the most crucial moment of this gigantic struggle it is almost unthinkable that a body of men should be so wrapped up in their own selfish interests and so indifferent to the fate of their countrymen and the country itself as to stop work merely because the same dilution of labour had been introduced in Barrow which had already taken place on the Clyde and Tyne. The Government seems to have acted with promptitude and decision. It was announced that unless the men returned to work proceedings would be taken under the Defence of the Realm Act against those who instigated the strike and under the Munitions of War Act against those who took part in it. It should also be said that the strike was repudiated by the Executive Council of the A.S.E.

The men resumed work at half-past five o'clock on Saturday, but that they should have laid down their tools at such a moment must remain a lasting disgrace.

OWING to the heavy pressure of Government work on the railways it has become difficult always to ensure the prompt delivery of newspapers. In a single day—July 3rd—

four complaints of non-delivery were received from the Exeter district. The delay was looked into, and steps were taken immediately to avoid a recurrence of the delay. We should be greatly obliged if any subscribers who find it difficult to obtain copies of *COUNTRY LIFE* on the day of publication would advise us of the fact direct to the office.

FIELD-MARSHAL JOFFRE'S STRATEGY

UNQUESTIONABLY the man of the hour is Field-Marshal Joffre. We must look a long way ahead to realise this fully. In military operations fame accompanies success. If the Germans are driven back, as we trust they will be, the name of Joffre will go down to posterity as that of a military genius. Seconded by two nations as well as two armies, he imposed upon others the virtues of patience and self-command that he himself exhibited. When Germany began pounding at Verdun with masterful blows and determination to win through, cost what it might, Sir Douglas Haig, as has been stated on the highest authority, offered the services of the British Army to check the Germans at Verdun. But Joffre was never tempted to deviate from the plan he had formed. He possesses that supreme gift of a great general, the art of inspiring his men with courage and confidence. It was a dreadful game to play, fighting up to the last moment, making a short retreat and fighting once more. Nothing could have been invented to test more thoroughly the staying power of the French troops. There is an old saw that the best habit to cultivate is the habit of succeeding, and in any game the consciousness of winning is a stimulating factor. But to go back every few days for a period of months, to turn and fight again without the hope of carrying out a thorough and complete counter-attack, would in ordinary cases be disheartening. Confidence in Joffre prevented the French soldiers from throwing up the sponge. They and the whole country felt sure that he would pull them out of the fire at the last moment. Perhaps the memory of the manner in which the victory of the Marne followed the German advance on Paris strengthened this faith. It is no secret that the British have been ready to begin a strong offensive for several weeks, but the French Commander-in-Chief willed it otherwise. His aim was to bleed the German army to death and when it was near exhaustion, bring the whole force of the Allies to bear upon them.

No doubt he at the same time was exercising a very considerable influence on Russia, Italy and the other members of the Alliance. The ding-dong advance of General Brusiloff in ordinary circumstances would have compelled the Germans to reinforce their Austrian allies. It has been stated several times in the newspapers that divisions had been sent to the Austrian frontier, but there is reason to be sceptical in regard to this. The Crown Prince and his sire seem to have been fully alive to the responsibilities devolving upon them on account of their Verdun enterprise, and when it came to the point they were more likely to utilise available forces for the furtherance of their own aims than to send them to Austria. At any rate, the composition of the divisions in front of the Anglo-French line between the Somme and the Acre have remained very much the same.

If to Joffre belongs the glory of having drawn up the plan of campaign, to Sir Douglas Haig belongs the credit of carrying it out. It must have been hard work to restrain the British soldiers, who are sick and weary of the trench work enforced upon them for the better part of two years, but it is evident that the attack was most carefully and thoroughly organised. It began with the most methodical bombardment witnessed in the course of the war. Considerable secrecy at the same time was maintained as to the locality where the push was to be made. We doubt if the Germans guessed it. At any rate a steady pressure was kept up all along the line, and it is conceivable that if they had very seriously weakened any portion of their defences there would have been another attack. As it was, the first push came off splendidly. Nothing could better the closing words of Saturday night's despatch—"the day goes well with England and France." Nevertheless, it may mean many weeks and even months of hard fighting before the strong and stubborn foe is finally shifted. At present the most that can be said is that there has been a good beginning.



FIELD-MARSHAL JOFFRE AND GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

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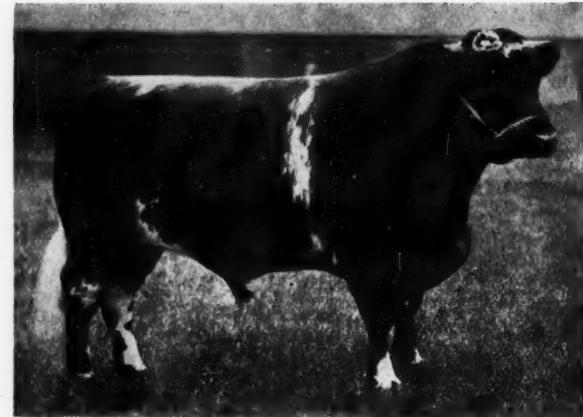
THE ROYAL AT MANCHESTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWENTY CHAMPIONS.

HOW alive the Midlands are!" I thought so a thousand times during the splendidly successful opening days of the Royal Agricultural Show at Manchester. The city has done remarkably well in the way of sending the best men to the front, and there is not a place in the entire world where the fortunes of the Army are watched with a keener or more intelligent interest. But it was difficult to realise that the country was in the very thick and stress of a struggle on the grand scale as one took note of the immense and animated crowds which gathered round the ring during the cattle parade, an event that used to be regarded as dutiful and boring rather than exciting, in pre-war exhibitions. It is plain that a new interest in agriculture has sprung up. One could have judged as much from the conversation heard in the railway carriages and hotels. The latter were taken by surprise. Manchester is a city capable of accommodating a tolerably large number of visitors, but on the second day of the show it was absolutely impossible to find a vacant room. We made a round of them in a cab driven by a taciturn, stolid-looking Jehu. Only after being told that not a bed was to be had, that hundreds of applicants had been turned away, that every hotel in Manchester could have been filled twice over, and so forth, did the cabman vouchsafe the information that he had driven several other visitors round and he knew before starting that we were on a hopeless quest! Fortunately, someone suggested that there was time enough to catch the last train for Bolton, where there was sure to be accommodation. To Bolton did we go, urged by dire necessity. Anything less agricultural looking than Bolton could not well be conceived. To the economist it is a busy hive of industry, but to the traveller a dreary looking town situated amid a wilderness of blackness and chimneys. Yet at the first asking we hit upon a homely and comfortable hotel, clean and uncrowded. It is situated in a munitions area like the rest of busy Lancashire, so that refreshment at midnight is confined to coffee and table waters, but under the circumstances that was a very minor horror.

The men of Lancashire are probably doing very well out of the war, but they have a very lively concern about food, and discussed the agricultural questions of the day with zest and intelligence. Particularly did they sympathise with the farmer in regard to the labour famine from which he is suffering, and they are proud of the manner in which the women have come forward. In the exhibition grounds there was a demonstration to show of what the weaker sex is capable. Four acres had been set aside for turnip sowing and a ploughing match arranged among the women workers. A very gallant appearance the competitors made, handling the stumps and reins with skill and confidence. Perhaps the great plough horses Boxer and Rattle, Captain and Jock, were astonished or, at least, agreeably surprised. At the turning they had been accustomed to a resounding smack with the reins and the "Wo hup!" "Wo high!" of a masculine voice; whereas from a silken siren tongue came a most gentle and pellucid request, delivered in a silvery entreating tone, "Round, Captain; Round, Captain; Round." But they did it all right and the plough-girls came off with flying colours. It would be unkind to imagine what might have happened if instead of a light, dry soil the evolution had to be performed on a wet Lancashire clay. Ploughing is work too hard for women, and one is glad to learn that as a rule they are set to lighter tasks. Lancashire farmers have been slower than those of Yorkshire to put faith in women workers, but they are coming round, and we are told by the Secretary of the Women's Association that there is no longer any difficulty in finding work for the willing.

On the ground there was very little to betoken a state of war. It is easy to imagine the scene. The usual long lines of machinery started almost from the entrance, a thousand flags were flying, some for patriotic reasons, the majority for purposes of advertisement. There was the huge ring in which judging was going on continually; the stables for the horses ceaselessly visited by groups of two or three of the knowing ones; sheds for the cows, the front of which was a ceaseless promenade; a dog show; a flower show; a place where a bee expert lectured and demonstrated; the usual stalls and temporary buildings put up for the hosts of merchants who provide the farmer with seeds and other necessities. It was a show very representative of the everyday work of the British farm, but in no sense exceptional.



BRANDSBY'S COUNT 6TH—CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL.



KELMSCOTT ACROBAT—CH. DAIRY SHORTHORN BULL.



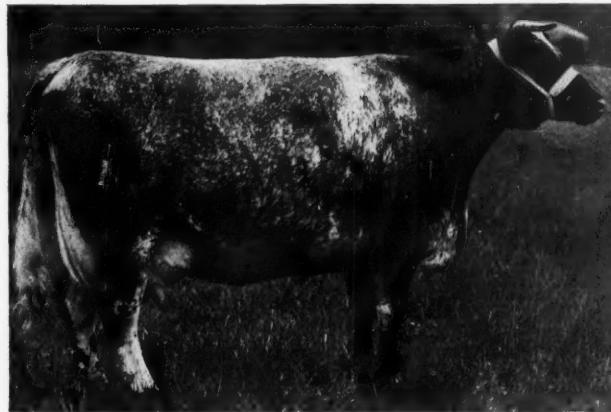
WINDSOR CAPTAIN—CHAMPION DEVON BULL.



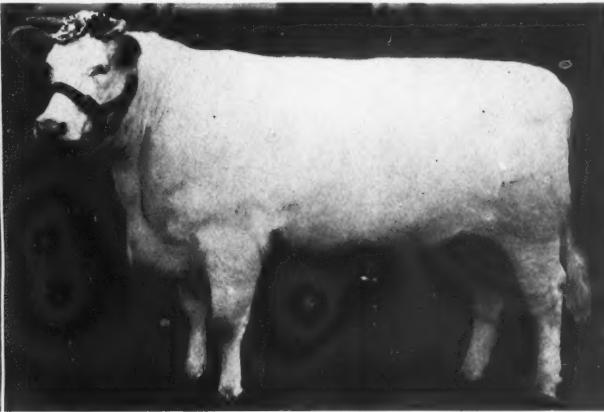
SENTRY—CHAMPION HEREFORD BULL.

When one asked for anything particular the odds were decidedly in favour of the reply being to the effect that such and such a thing could not be produced to order on account of the war. This was particularly the case with regard to machinery. Never have we known a Royal show where so little that was new was exhibited. The reason, of course, is very plain. Most of those who in ordinary times would have been devoting their energy to the development of agricultural machinery were either at the front or engaged in munition work. Indeed, many of the most important

The most important feature of the Royal Show is to be found in the fact of its being a review of the splendid livestock for which Great Britain is renowned. In spite of war conditions, the entries were as interesting as they have ever been. We have already pointed out that there was an inevitable decrease in the number of entries, but this was more than atoned for by the very fine condition in which the animals were brought into the ring. Their bloom and condition could only have been attained when the skill of the breeders was backed up by a year which,



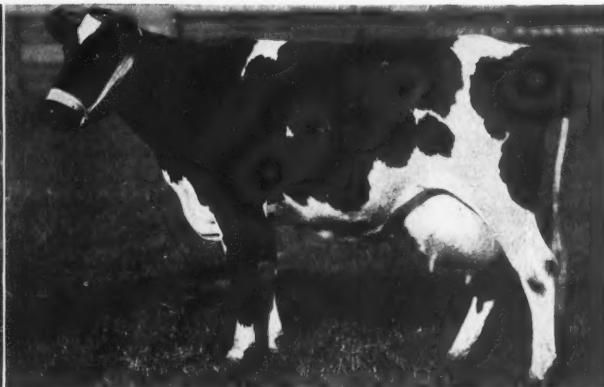
PRIMROSE GIFT—CHAMPION SHORTHORN COW.



BRIGHT PEARL—CHAMPION SHORTHORN HEIFER.



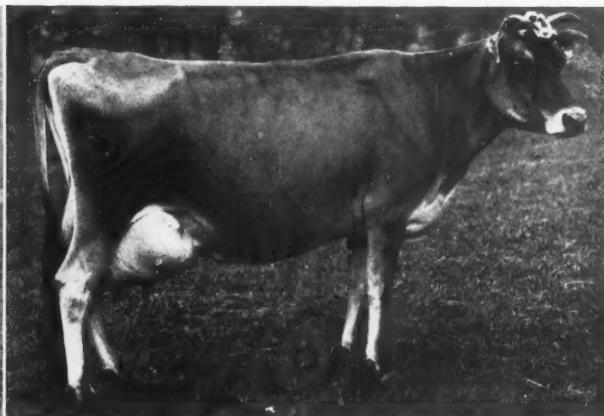
MADRIGAL—CHAMPION HEREFORD COW.



PARK BUTTERFLY—CHAMPION HOLSTEIN COW.



DINAH—CHAMPION DEXTER COW.



PRETTY VICTRESS—CHAMPION JERSEY COW.

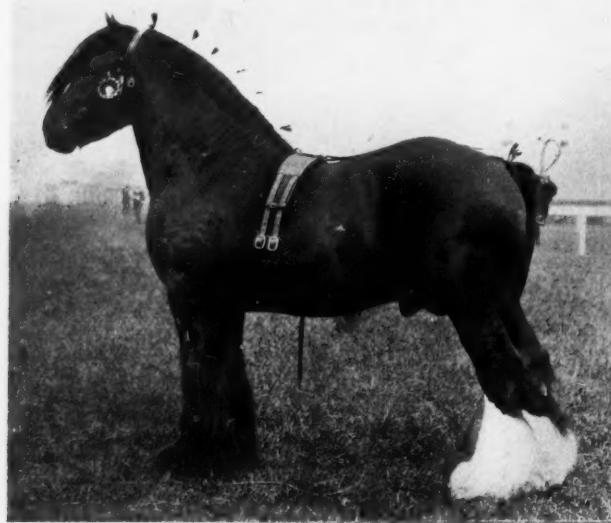
works for the production of agricultural machinery have been turned into shell factories or places for war engineering. The answer made when one enquired for any particular machine was that everything was getting out of stock, and it would be impossible to guarantee fulfilment of an order because the attendant had not been able to keep in mind the various notices about stocks being exhausted, particular sizes not being procurable, and difficulties in the way of making anything new. The truth is that those who work usually in agricultural engineering jobs were nearly all engaged in making munitions.

whatever its defects may be as regards cereal cultivation, has been most favourable to the production of grass. Very general gratification was expressed at the manner in which the King's flocks, herds, and studs maintained the high place which they achieved in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The King won a very great number of prizes.

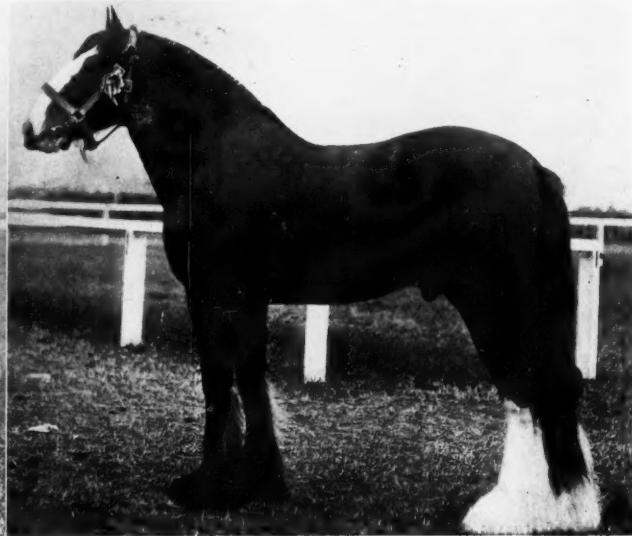
The Windsor shorthorns were turned out in first-class condition, and the bull which won in the yearling class was reserve for the championship, and might possibly have won it if, by some accident overnight, he had not

lamed himself and thus appeared at a disadvantage. The typical Windsor heifer was also there in force, and so were the Devons for which Windsor has a long standing fame. With the last mentioned His Majesty won a championship, a first and a second. He also secured a first in the two

year old bull class for Redpolls, and a third for three year old heifers. The Sandringham establishment has always been noted for its herd of Dexters, and this year it produced a first and a challenge cup. The King's Southdowns did splendidly. It is pleasant also to know that the Prince of



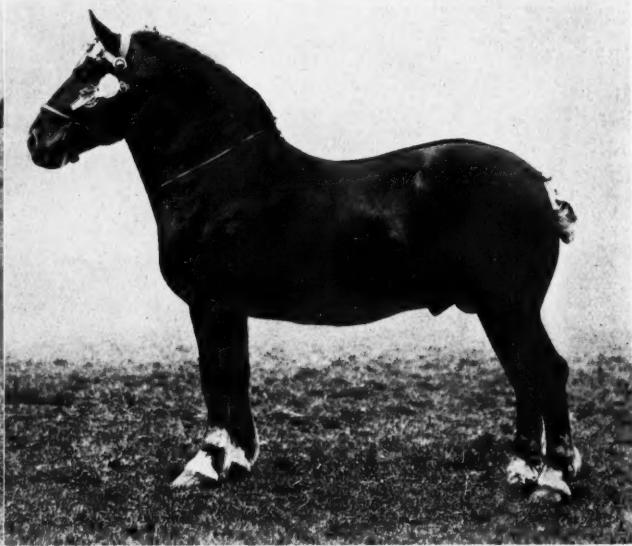
EATON FENLAND KING—CH. SHIRE STALLION.



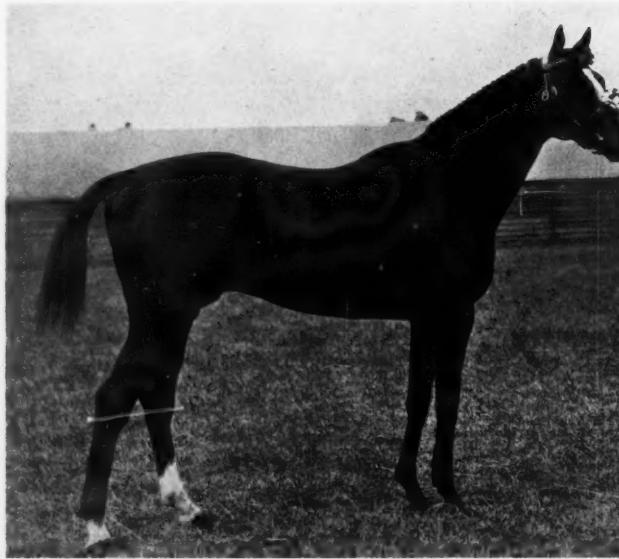
DUNURE INDEPENDENCE—CH. CLYDESDALE STALLION.



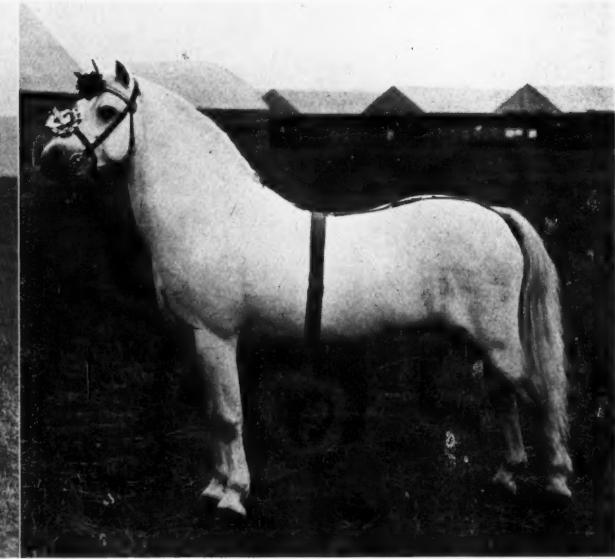
RED DRAKE—CH. HACK.



SUDBORNE BEAU BROCADE—CH. SUFFOLK STALLION.



CHERRY TINT—CH. POLO PONY STALLION.



BLEDDFA SHOOTING STAR—CH. WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY STALLION.

Wales is following in his father's footsteps. Several good entries were sent from the Duchy of Cornwall. Our illustrations will furnish to those who were not present a vivid idea of the excellence attained in the various classes of cattle.

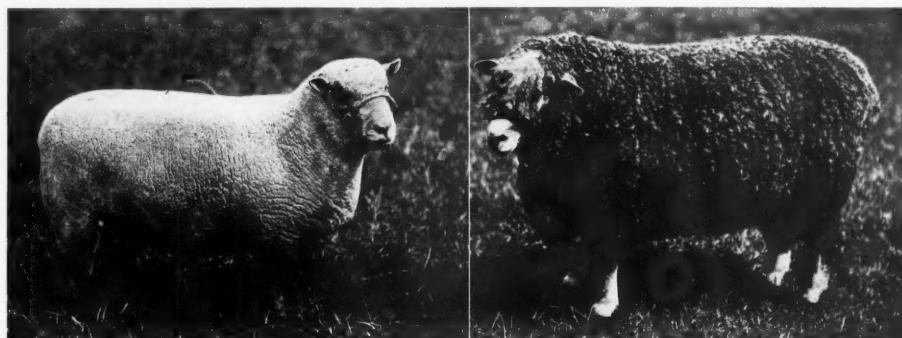
The Shire horses also were of the highest merit. The Duke of Westminster carried off the male championship with

Eaton Fenland King, by Eaton Nunsuch, a junior champion at last year's Shire Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. Sir Walpole Greenwell produced the reserve in Capernwray, by Warton Dray King. Mr. John Bradley carried off the championship for the best Shire mare with his famous Halstead Royal Duchess, a previous winner of many honours. The rivalry between the breeds of heavy horses is extremely keen just now, owing in part to the experience of the war. Clydesdales were in great

force, the champion stallion being Mr. W. Dunlop's Dunure Independence. The Punches looked almost better than ever, compact, strong and with the spirit and go which gives them almost a royal appearance. Mr. K. M. Clark took the championship with Sudbourne Beau Brocade. The display of light horses must have astonished those who lament that



SHREWSBURY—CH. MIDDLE WHITE BOAR. SUDBORNE SENORA—CH. LARGE BLACK SOW.



SIR J. COLEMAN'S CH. SOUTHDOWN RAM. MESSRS. R. & W. WRIGHT'S CH. LINCOLN RAM.

the stables have been denuded for the front. The hunters would have done credit to the most brilliant exhibition of the Royal.

Sheep and pigs were thoroughly well represented, in spite of the fact that the Show was held in the middle of a great industrial country where green fields are the exception rather than the rule. And, as usual, there was an immense entry of poultry, making it clear that the keeping of chickens, ducks and geese is an ever growing hobby.

IN THE GARDEN

ROSES OLD AND NEW.

IT is really time that a protest was made against the modern development of our national flower. If some of the new Roses shown at the recent exhibition of the National Rose Society held in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, may be taken as a fair indication of what is expected of a new Rose, it would appear that the essential points are somewhat on these lines: Flowers of enormous size, of great substance and without fragrance. And this is not all, for the flowers are borne on stout stems out of all proportion even to the solid blooms, while the petals, having lost the delicacy of the Rose, have taken on the leathery texture of a kid glove. Such monstrous blooms may look very telling when dressed for show and staged in boxes, but the Rose is essentially a garden flower, and Rose societies should offer greater encouragement to that end. The more one sees of Rose shows the more is one convinced that the only satisfactory way to make awards to new Roses is to judge them as they are seen growing in the open, and not as they appear in the show tent. New Roses are being raised at an alarming rate, and it is difficult to keep pace with them, but it is safe to say that not one new Rose in a hundred, or even one gold medal Rose in ten, will find a place in a representative collection a few years hence.

There is at the present time a revival in the interest taken in old Roses and, after all, many old Roses are still unequalled for garden effect, while most of them possess the precious gift of fragrance and have long been favoured for the making of pot-pourri. What garden is complete without Roses such as these: the lovely crimson Cramoisie Supérieure (1834) and its climbing sport, Félicité-et-Perpétue (1828), a good climber which flowers well even in very exposed gardens; Gloire de Dijon (1850) and the unrivalled beauty of Rosa sinica Anemone? Austrian Copper and Austrian Yellow were grown in England in 1596 by John Gerard, and yet no one will deny that they are still two of the most beautiful single Roses known to us at the present time. The yellow reverse of the petal, which is one of the great charms of Austrian Copper, is seen, though in a less marked degree, in the modern Juliet. Of the new single Roses there has been nothing to equal Rosa Moyesii for many years, perhaps centuries, for it is a distinct gain to the genus Rosa. The flowers are of a remarkable brownish

crimson, and gleam like jewels when the sun is on them. It will attain a height of roft, making an excellent subject for planting on lawns. It is a new species from Western China, introduced by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons seven years ago, but it is only in the last year or so that it has been extensively shown, and a few weeks ago it received the coveted first-class certificate from the Royal Horticultural Society. It is a plant of exceptional merit and well worthy of the high award that has been bestowed upon it. In addition to its brilliant flowers, it is pretty in foliage and attractive in fruit; altogether it is a most desirable garden Rose.

Pernet's new group of Austrian Hybrids contains early and brilliantly coloured flowers, of which Mme. Edouard Herriot is certainly one of the best. Paul's Scarlet Climber, which created quite a sensation at Chelsea this year, is certain to become popular for pillars and pergolas, for it gives the brightest bit of colouring of all the climbing Roses.

Semi-double Roses are becoming more popular, and this is not surprising, for they include many of the most beautiful garden Roses. We need only mention two: Lady Waterlow, with its fresh flowers reminiscent of pink Apple blossom, and the Hybrid Briar, Una, which is now smothered with pale cream flowers throughout the whole length of its vigorous branches.

Many of the very old Roses, like Prince Charlies, Seven Sisters, the sweetly fragrant Maiden's Blush and York and Lancaster, are once more coming into favour. It is a pity that these pretty old names have been so loosely applied to other Roses. Nine Rose-growers out of ten if asked for Seven Sisters and York and Lancaster would supply Félicité-et-Perpétue for one and Rosa Mundi for the other. And yet the true Seven Sisters is a pink Rose and bears no resemblance to the vigorous Félicité-et-Perpétue, which has many flowered trusses of creamy white blossoms. With York and Lancaster and Rosa Mundi there is some ground for confusion, since both may have striped flowers. The former is a Damask Rose, pink or white, very often with a pink petal in a white flower, and sometimes one half the flower pink and the other half white; while Rosa Mundi is a Gallica Rose—red, striped white—and it is common in gardens, whereas York and Lancaster is now seldom seen.

C.

THE GUELDER ROSE.

No shrub is more frequent or familiar in gardens than the Snowball Tree or Guilder Rose, but it is nearly always used in shrub masses among Lilacs, Laburnums and other old favourites. But there are other desirable ways of having it, for it is good as a partly trained shrub on a high wall, as shown in the illustration, where it was placed with the intention that it should rise some feet above the wall and so give added dignity to the gateway. There are many places about the colder sides of houses, or where there are blank buildings or backs of sheds that would otherwise be unsightly where a planting of Guilder Rose would convert ugliness into beauty. Though the wood is hard and unyielding when old, it is not difficult to train it as it grows into any desired form. It can be made into delightful arbours, or if several are planted on three sides of a square of anything from 7ft. to 10ft. it can be trained to form a shelter that is a pleasant retreat on hot summer days. Guilder Rose is also one of the best things to form a shrub hedge, the natural twiggy growth being encouraged and regulated by clever pruning. Our garden shrub is a cultivated sport of the native Viburnum Opulus, the large ball shape of the flower resulting from the whole inflorescence being of the larger sterile florets only. In the wild bush the flower is flat, the sterile florets surrounding and fertilising those in the centre which form the berries. These are so abundant and beautiful in September that it is a matter for regret that the shrub in this form is so seldom seen. At its time it is one of the finest things in the garden, and it can be used in any of the ways already noted for the better known Guilder Rose. In fact, the support and closer training it would have as an arch or arbour would be an advantage, as the



GUELDER ROSE PARTLY TRAINED OVER A GATEWAY.

branches of splendid red berries are so heavy that the bush is liable to be broken down by their weight.

AN EARLY SUMMER BORDER OF LUPINE AND IRIS.

The middle days of June bring the perfect bloom of the Flag Irises and the perennial Lupines. Where a space can be given to these and a few other kinds of flowers of the season a complete picture of flower beauty may be had. The border illustrated is on two sides of a narrow path. It is backed on the right by a hedge of flowering shrubs, and on the left and at the end by a hedge of Yew. It is carefully arranged for colour. On the left it begins with a bold patch of Anchusa Opal, with the white bloom masses of Olearia Gunnii at the foot. These are followed by blue and white Lupines in separate patches; then pink China Roses, blue-purple and white Irises, and masses of blue Crane's-bill and Catmint, with white Pinks and Pansies to the front. Next come tall pale yellow Irises to the middle and back, grouped with Lupine Somerset and Gold Privet, a capital thing for clever use in this way. The colouring then passes by deeper yellows to some of the Irises of the squamens section of rich red-purples, with red-purple Lupines, a harmonious quality of colour being provided towards the front by a grouping of Incarvillea Delavayi, with a setting of the deep reddish-leaved Heuchera Richardsoni. By now the end of the border is reached, and there is a group of white Tree Lupine with tall spires of Asphodel and pink China Roses. At the beginning of the return border on the right is the fine pink Iris pallida Queen of the May, with white and rosy perennial Lupine and a front planting of pink Pinks, and so on again through pale yellows to clear lilacs and purples, pinks and whites.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL.



AN EARLY SUMMER BORDER AT MUNSTEAD.

TREES AND THE LAND



A WHEAT FIELD IN HAMPSHIRE AT THE END OF MAY.

Showing the amount of ground wasted by hedge row trees. The farmer has lost 3,250 yards out of 2 acres, 4,030 yards.

At the present time, when both Government and private individuals are taking an unwonted interest in home-grown timber, it may be of interest to look at the timber question from the point of view of agriculture. I do not propose to go into the question of afforestation, but merely to point out some half forgotten truths on the subject of timber on agricultural land.

In old books on agriculture we are told that certain trees were in former days grown for national use, even in districts primarily devoted to agricultural purposes. Notable examples are the yew and the oak. The former, which was used for the construction of bows, has in most districts (churchyards excepted) died out; the latter, which was intended for shipbuilding purposes in the days when England was defended by

wooden walls, still flourishes. But both have outlived their utility. The yew is no longer required; the oak, although still of considerable value for various purposes, has in agricultural land at any rate outlived its use through neglect.

The planting of trees in a hedge has nowadays little to recommend it, and even old-time agricultural experts looked on it as a necessary evil. Sinclair's "Code of Agriculture" (1821) says "there are trees, which, comparatively speaking, do much less injury than others," and goes on to cite the oak as one the planting of which "ought not to be discouraged as it is of great national importance."

Hedge row trees in these days do in fact a great deal more harm than good, and as timber their value has enormously decreased. This is largely the result of neglect, for though never having the lower branches lopped the timber spreads in all directions

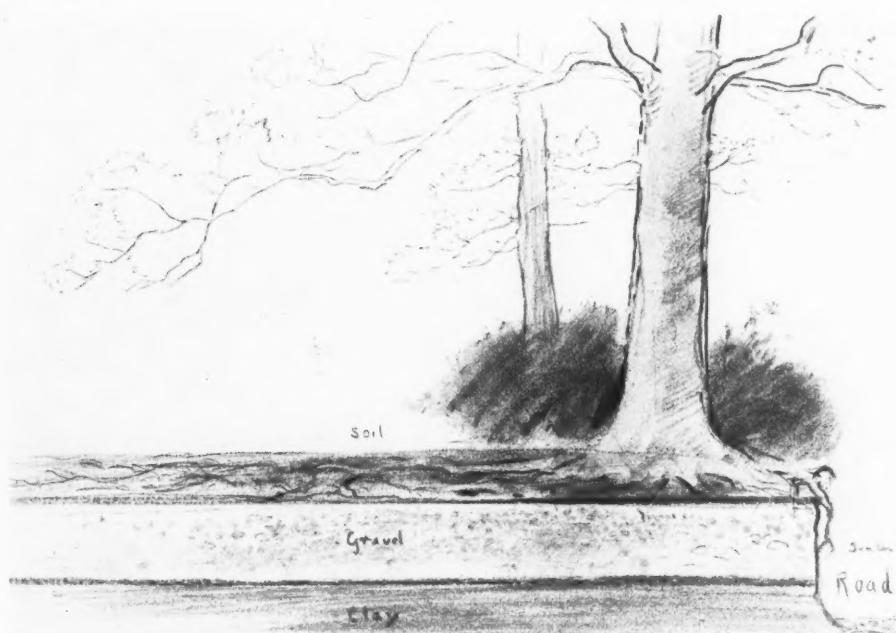


DIAGRAM SHOWING WASTE DUE TO SPREADING TREE ROOTS.

They were right on the surface and in the way of the ploughshare, being unable to get nourishment or penetrate the gravel belt. This was a grass field. After being ploughed and the roots grubbed up it was dressed with manure and has a good crop on it at the present moment.

and runs to waste. In the interest alike of landlord and tenant hedgerow trees should be pruned, both for the sake of growing straight timber and in order to prevent the lower boughs spreading out and throwing much of the field in shade. Pruning is the only way of reconciling the interests of landlord and tenant, and even then hedgerow trees well deserve their name of "landlords' thieves," since they steal from the tenant's crop every year ten times their own increase in value as timber. The grass under trees, owing to shade and drip, is of most inferior quality, and if not actually unwholesome is not appreciated by stock. On the other hand, no crop thrives near trees, for their roots run far out into the field and suck the goodness from the land, besides interfering with the plough and generally retarding field operations.

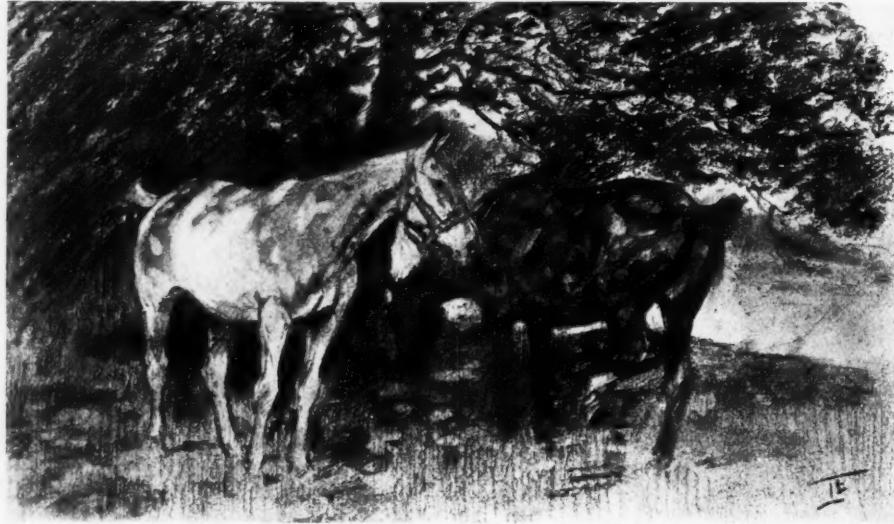
The waste of land from both the farmer's and the national point of view is very considerable. As an example, consider illustration No. 1, which shows a field in Hampshire. Out of a small field of 2 acres 4,030yd., the farmer loses 3,250yd., while the hedgerow timber (although it should be of some value, being a mixture of oak and ash) is planted so close, in one hedge only, and is so neglected owing to the lower branches not having been taken off, that twenty-six only out of forty-eight trees are of value as timber. It will

be noticed, moreover, that these trees are planted at intervals of very much less than the 30ft. to 40ft. which is usual. The ash in particular is an enemy to corn, for its roots attract moisture and fertility, which may be readily seen in a circular form on every arable piece of ground in their neighbourhood.

But not all hedgerow trees are even ash or oak, and some have no value to counteract the loss which they occasion to the farmer. For example, the elm, "the weed

of Worcestershire," is very frequent in many other counties, and is practically valueless as timber; indeed, it is no uncommon thing when an elm or part of one falls (as happens very readily) to have to pay someone to take it away and give the tree in!

So much for timber from the farmer's point of view. Is it not adding insult to injury that a tenant in his covenant should have to bind himself "to preserve standing timber, and neither grub up, destroy, lop, bough nor shroud any tree or sapling without leave." This means that if the landlord neglects the timber, as the small landlords invariably do, that he has first to obtain leave, and then do it himself (under restrictions). Naturally, he does not do it! Being a short-sighted person, the farmer grudges labour



THE HEDGEROW TREE'S ONE AND ONLY ADVANTAGE—SHADE.



THE HAY CROP.
Full of weed and very thin under the trees.

which he deems wasted on improving his landlord's trees, although he admits the necessity for his own benefit. Although landlord and tenant have in reality a common interest they invariably look at it from opposite points of view, and consequently more frequently counteract than assist each other. I have indicated but one instance of the tendency.

The point I wish to make is that many farms in England would be enormously increased in value if the hedgerow trees were cut down, and now, when there is a shortage of timber, is the time to do it. To what extent the timber would pay for its felling I am unable to say, because labour is scarce and expensive, and the trees themselves have in the majority of cases been so neglected that they are overcrowded, crooked and spread to branches, and in many cases long past their prime. There is also this difficulty in cutting hedgerow timber, that only in three or four months in the year can you do it without damage to the land, in the form of cutting up growing seeds, grass, hay or aftermath. This practically limits the period of removal to December, January and February. Some people object to timber carting even in winter, owing to the cutting up of the ground,

stakes and headers for gap mending, poles for hurdle making, and firewood for the baker's oven. Those were the days when everyone baked at home in manor, farm and cottage, and, incidentally, ate bread which contained nourishment. In modern bakers' bread, thanks to the careful grinding of the present day, which is all to the advantage of the corn merchant and none to the consumer, nourishment is practically absent. Some of us now do not know good bread when we see it, and many (especially the poor) prefer the white flour to the brown, although they know there is little nourishment in the former.

A propos of wire, I would point out another favourite device of the modern farmer, namely, putting barbed wire across a brook to prevent stock wandering off down-stream when the water is low in summer. This doubtless achieves its purpose, but when floods come many a sheep is washed down, to be hung up and drowned in the submerged wire, that would otherwise have safely landed somewhere lower down. Times change and undoubtedly chemical science and labour-saving devices on the farm steadily advance. Consequently the mechanic takes the place of the farm labourer. The labourer-mechanic doubtless knows his own



HEDGEROW TREES ON THE CONTINENT. NO WASTE. SHOWING NO OVERHANGING BRANCHES.

but this can be overcome by rolling it later on. In very wet soil the real difficulty lies in the inability of the teams to move timber except after a dry spell or frost. Admittedly there are many obstacles in the way of carrying out a necessary reform.

Another charge against the hedgerow tree is that not only does it suck the goodness from the land, but from the hedges also. Beneath the shade of trees the fences are weak and full of gaps. The art of hedging is to a great extent forgotten: The older labourers die off and the younger, thanks to our present system of education, are too proud to learn anything about the land, and never take the trouble to learn the somewhat difficult and skilled task of hedging. The modern labourer's idea of mending a hedge is to shove in a few thorns, or fasten a piece of barbed wire across a gap. This, while sufficiently dangerous to injure stock, does not keep them in if they really mean to get out.

People sometimes ask why little coppices and wide "shaws" covered with coppice or bushes are allowed to encroach on arable land. The reason is that in the past, when hedging and ditching was an art, these provided

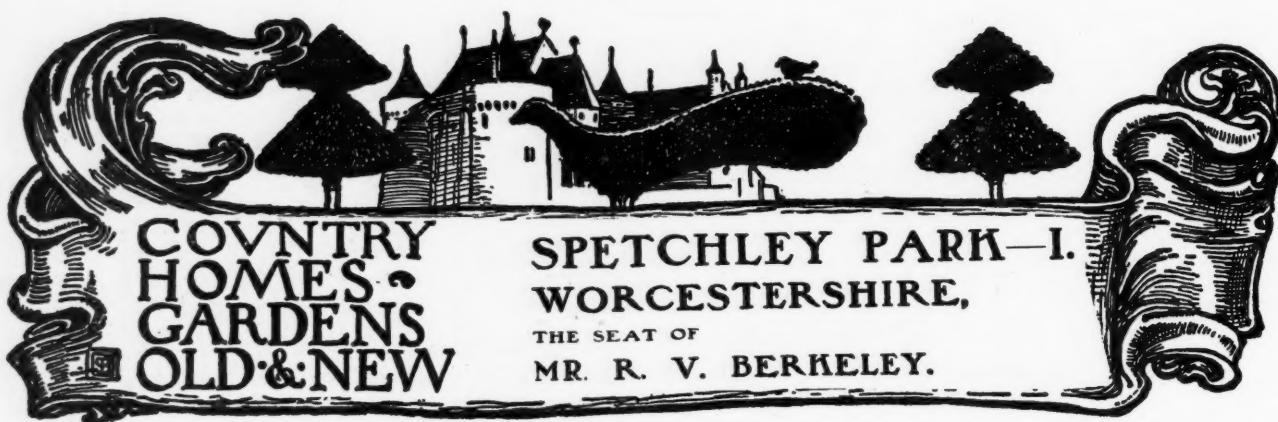
job, but he has not the variety of knowledge and skill of his grandfathers, despite his so-called better education.

To return, however, to hedgerow trees: these are not in all cases a bane. Sometimes in bleak exposed countries they are useful as wind-screens, but trees do not thrive in bleak districts, and consequently only a few belts of pine are to be seen in districts where trees would really be of use in hedgerows. This virtue, therefore, can hardly be said to interfere with the argument that agriculture would benefit by a reduction of trees. In fact, it is the sole virtue of hedgerow trees that they give shade to stock in summer.

Not that we advocate the ruination of the English landscape by a total destruction of all hedgerow trees, or by the grubbing up of hedges and the substitution for them of horrible wire fences. But beauty would not be lost if branches were lopped, and every second tree cut out in almost every field in almost every county.

LIONEL EDWARDS (Capt.).

[Everyone will sympathise with the obvious desire of Captain Edwards to improve cultivation and the increase of our food supplies, but his treatment of hedgerow trees errs perhaps on the side of severity. The subject is dealt with in our "Country Notes."—ED.]



SPETCHLEY is a place full of family history and tradition. But the house itself is but a century old, while all that interests and delights in the gardens we owe to the present owners, who have, moreover, shown equal knowledge and taste in producing a charming interior.

Mediævally Spetchley was held by a family that derived its surname from the manor, but Spetchleys ceased to be of Spetchley when the estate passed by purchase to Sir Thomas Lyttelton soon after he held the Worcestershire shrievalty. That was in 1453, and thirteen years later he became a Justice of the Common Pleas; while his book on tenures made him a leading authority on real property and thus Nash calls him "the most renowned father of the laws." His father, Thomas Wescote, was a Devon man who married the heiress of Frankley in Worcestershire and took her name of Lyttelton. Her estates passed to the judge's eldest son. But the manor which he had purchased he left to his third son, and on the extinction of the latter's male line it went to Catherine, sister and heiress to William Lyttelton and wife to Richard Sheldon, who wedded her in 1508. Before the century closed their son sold it to a wealthy citizen of Worcester City.

At the time when Judge Lyttelton acquired the estate there was seated at Dursley in Gloucestershire one Thomas Berkeley, fourth son of the sixth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley Castle by his second wife, coheir of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk. Berkeley's grandson, William, was of Hereford City, which he served as mayor and parliamentary representative under Henry VIII. He must have had a large family, for an "ancient friend" of his son Rowland speaks of the latter as "being the eighth son of the said William, though extracted thus from the nobility, yet seemed in the world extenuated for a while, until by God's blessing and his own industry he became eminent in wealth and dignity."

Many men, often of good birth like Rowland Berkeley, made fortunes in the wool and cloth trade during the sixteenth century. Wiltshire and Gloucestershire were great centres of the industry of both growing and weaving the fleeces, but Worcestershire had its share, and it was in its cathedral city that Rowland made his money and near it that he invested it in real estate.

Cotheridge lies four miles west, and Spetchley four miles east of Worcester. The former went to his elder son William, and to Robert the younger came Spetchley, which must have been the father's favourite seat, since it is in the church close by that he was laid to rest when he died in 1611. Two years later his son Robert, being then twenty-nine years of age, was sheriff of the county. He had made the law his profession and soon rose to eminence. By Charles he was made a knight and a king's sergeant, and raised to the Bench in 1632. He held decided views in favour of the Royal prerogative, and when the burning question of ship money came before the King's Bench in 1636 he declared that "there was a rule of law and a rule of government, and that many things which might not be done by the rule of law might be done by the rule of government." This openly expressed opinion that no law could stand against the Royal will incensed the popular party against him, and the Long Parliament impeached him, fined him £20,000, sent him to the Tower, and declared him incapable of holding office. Yet it is said of him that although the Commonwealth not only removed him from the Bench but restrained his liberty, yet, so great was his reputation as a sound lawyer that his opinion in difficult cases was more than once sought.

His neighbour was Thomas Habington of Hindlip. John Habington, the father, had been Elizabeth's cofferer and high in favour. But both his sons dabbled in Catholic intrigues. The Babington conspiracy of 1586

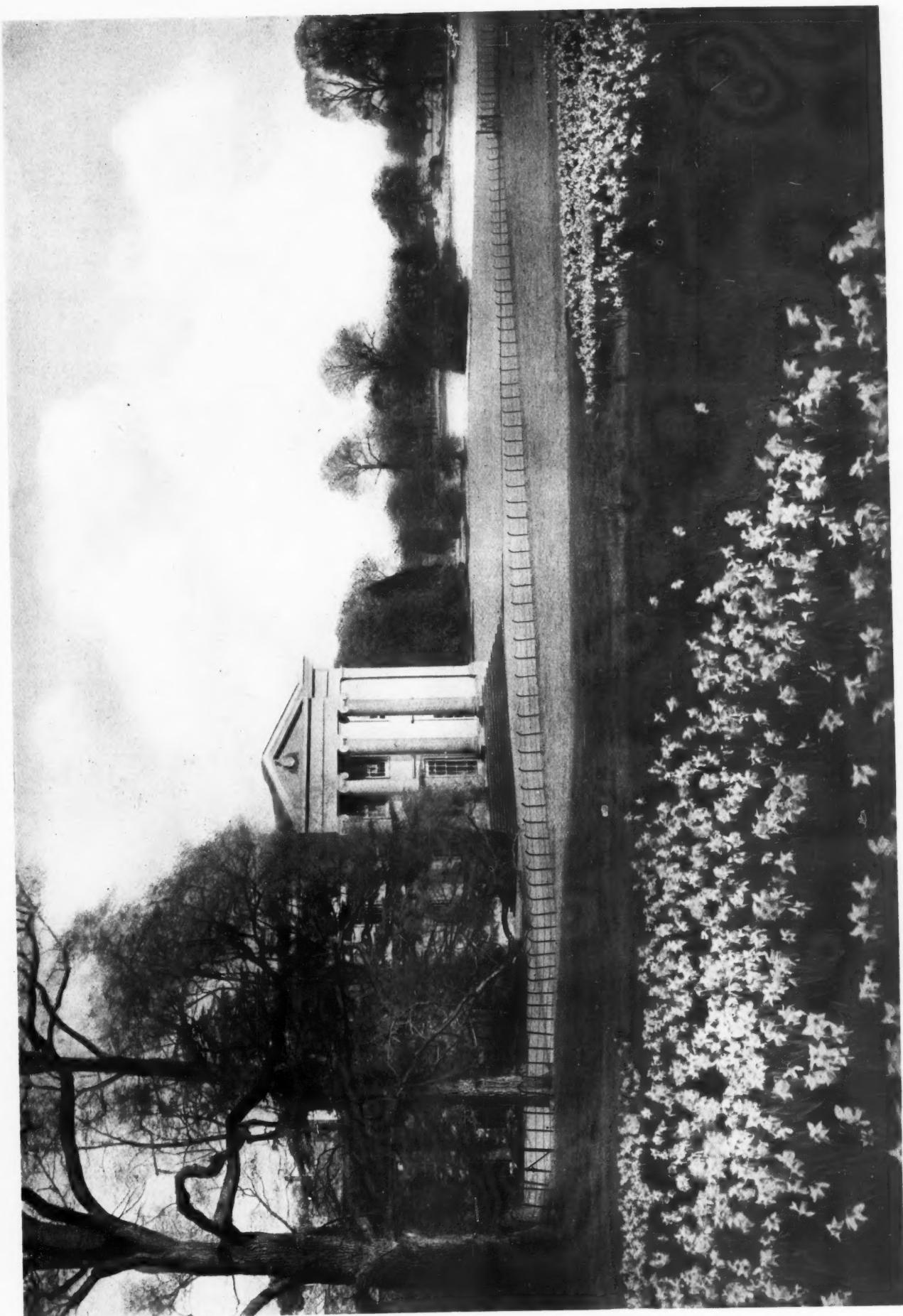


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1.—FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

July 8th, 1916.]



2.—HOUSE, LAWN, LAKE AND PARK.

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brought Edward to the scaffold and Thomas to confinement. He was soon allowed to retire to Hindlip, which the father had built and which the son now altered to suit the needs of a certain section of his guests, for whose accommodation he contrived no fewer than eleven "priest's holes." He used his leisure in collecting notes for a history of Worcestershire, and has something to tell us of both Rowland

and Robert Berkeley. After the paragraph from which a quotation has already been made, he thus proceeds : "Now before I attend the judge to his rising sunne, I will accompanie the father to his night of death." He praises him as his "ancient friend," who had warned him of his danger from a suspicious Government and "refused to make a prey of my lands, being offered him." He describes him as a man of wit and learning of which the foundations were laid at Oxford, "but chiefly gained out of stolen hours and hardly spared from his continual business in his vocation." Of the judge he evidently wrote soon after 1632, for he tells us : "Thus is he raised from the ship of our shire to be a ruler in the great argosy of England, where although his care is general yet hath he still a particular love to his native

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3.—THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



county. Here you see him ascending to the noon tide of fortune; let my withered age never behold it declining." Which, however, it did, for Thomas Habington reached the age of eighty-seven and saw Judge Berkeley, like himself, a suspect living retired in his home. Here he was when the renewed tide of civil war passed his way in 1651 and brought upon him added trouble. We read in Nash's "His-

tory of Worcestershire" that "a little before the battle of Worcester the Scotch Presbyterians, though engaged in the King's service, retaining their ancient animosity, burnt his house at Spetchley." We hear that he thereupon "converted the stables into a dwelling house and lived with content and even dignity upon the wreck of his fortune" until he died in 1656.

Nash, whose manuscript notes to his own copy of his history were much quoted in the account of Hanbury Hall, which appeared on April 22nd, tells us in one of them that during his travels in Italy the judge's son and successor, Sir Thomas, "was converted to Catholicism to which his descendants adhered notwithstanding the endeavours of Bishop Burnet who married one of the family." Dr. Nash,



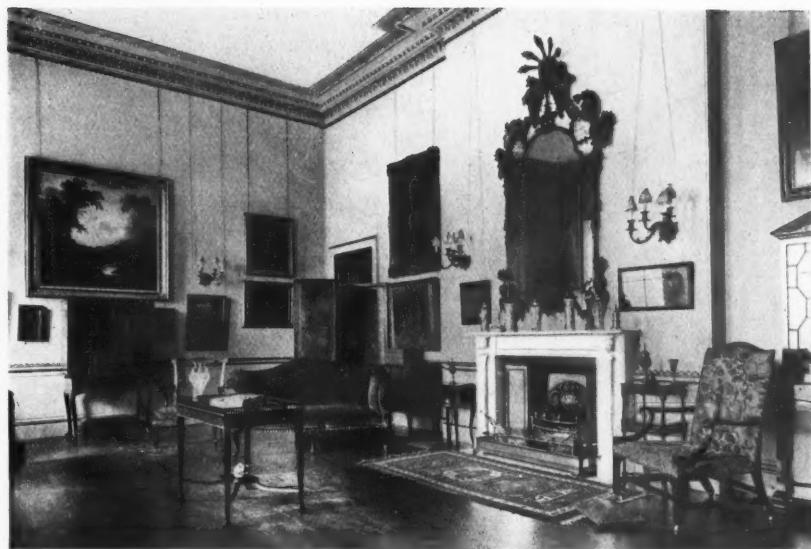
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4.—RED DEER IN THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who himself lived in Worcestershire, was a friend of the Spetchley as he was of the Hanbury family, and trustee of the marriage settlement of John Berkeley and the heiress of Hindlip. Thomas Habington's daughter carried his estate to the Comptons of Hartpury, and both these estates came to John Berkeley through his wife, Jane Compton. In 1778 he caused a large wooden panel (Fig. 9) to be painted as a memorial of John Habington giving the descent and arms of that family and of the Comptons down to his own time, and this very interesting heraldic piece now hangs at Spetchley.

But Hindlip was never united to Spetchley, which belonged to John's elder brother Robert, and though the latter died childless and John's son succeeded, he was the son of a first wife, and not of the Compton heiress, whose estates went to her two daughters. To one of them must have gone a very interesting casket, whose origin and changing ownership are traced by Nash. The King of France—no doubt Louis XII, who married Mary Tudor in 1514—gave it to Cardinal Wolsey, who gave it to Anne Boleyn, who gave it to Lady Worcester, after which it passed from mother to daughter, that is, from Lady Worcester to Lady Latimer to Lady Northumberland to Lady Powis to Lady Lucy Habington and so to the Compton heiress. Thus Nash knew it well, but its present whereabouts, if it has survived, has not been traced. Of Robert Berkeley of Spetchley we hear something from Nash in manuscript notes added after the publication of his History, for they both lived into the nineteenth century, Robert Berkeley dying a nonagenarian in 1804. He is described to us as one "whose merits were equal to his years, who lived all the year in the country and spent a large fortune among his neighbours." He had been bred to the law, his clear brain especially qualifying him as a conveyancer. "These mental powers he gratuitously and ably exerted to the last, as an instance of which he dictated in his 90th year a bill in Chancery for four hours." His portrait shows us a man of florid complexion in a full-bottomed, grey wig. It now hangs in the dining-room at Spetchley, where he continued to live in the converted stables in which the judge had ended his days. Robert Berkeley, indeed, made some considerable additions to the ancient dwelling, "among which is a dining-room much admired for its size and proportions." The Adam additions show clearly in an oil painting of the house as it then was—a long, irregular building of red brick with formal garden and canal, or moat, lying in front of it. All this was swept away by the nephew and successor of "old uncle," as he was called in the family. The succession must have been a rich one, for the new house was expensively built at an expensive time, that is in the last years of the Napoleonic struggle, when taxation and prices were high, as we now realise they can be during a great war. Family tradition says that the Robert Berkeley who succeeded in 1804 and rebuilt seven years later was afterwards somewhat shocked at the amount he had spent, and when asked by his son how much the house had cost he burnt all the accounts and told the youngster that as,



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5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 6.—"MOLIERE" TAPESTRY IN THE STAIRCASE HALL. "C.L."

[July 8th, 1916.]



7.—EMBROIDERED HANGINGS AND CHARLES THE FIRST'S BIBLE.



8.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

anyhow, it was paid for, he had better mind his own business. Some details we get from Neale's "Seats," published in 1819, when the house was recently finished and was attracting attention. It is Neale who tells us of Robert Berkeley's enlargement of the old house, and then adds :

But, notwithstanding these additions, the age and irregularity of the building determined the present possessor to rebuild the whole. On 3rd of May, 1811, the first stone was laid by Robert Berkeley, Esq., jun., the son and heir, and the building carried out under the directions of the late Mr. John Tasker, of Mortimer Street. A beautifully winding road across the grounds for three quarters of a mile leads to the principal Entrance in the west front, ornamented with a handsome Portico, consisting of four columns of the Ionic Order; 3 feet 3in. diameter, 32 feet high, supporting a pediment, in the centre of which are the Family Arms. The length of this front is 80ft., and with the offices 145ft. The Architrave and Cornice are continued round the principal fronts, supported by Pilasters. The whole is of Bath Stone. The extent of the east front is 65ft., and constitutes the Chapel, the height of which, inside, is 23ft., and the width, 22ft.; it is paved with fine stone, and is ornamented in the most simple but elegant style. The Entrance Hall is 30ft. by 22. A Corridor, 36ft. long, and 16ft. wide, divided at each end by columns and pilasters of Scagliola marble, leads from the Hall to a grand geometrical stone Staircase, 32ft. by 2ft. and 28ft. high; with a wrought iron railing of exquisite workmanship. At the right of the Hall is a Billiard Room, 22 feet by 19; then follow Dining Room, 32 by 22; the Library with a Bow, center of the south front, 30 by 32; and the Drawing Room, 32 by 22: next to which is the Altar end of the Chapel.

The house, both inside and out, is a very favourable specimen of its age. It owes a good deal of its exterior dignity to the fine ashlar of which the whole is built. It came well enough up the Severn by barge, but the few remaining miles of transit were more difficult, and deeply rutted the ill made ways it had to traverse. If it was "Mr. John Tasker of Mortimer Street" who insisted upon this material, he evidently was no follower of the architect Nash then in great vogue, and who, as the contemporary rhyme tells us, "finds us all brick and leaves us all plaster." Nor did the designer of Spetchley pursue the path of the Wyatts and fall into the neo-Gothic manner. Spetchley follows the traditions of the classic school as it was represented by the brothers Smirke, of whom the elder, Sir Robert, gave us the Mint, the Post Office and the British Museum—all rightly described as "massive in construction and heavy and sombre in treatment"—while Sydney, the younger, built in

the same manner such country houses as Oakley Park in Suffolk, which presents much the same immense portico as Spetchley (Fig. 2). It is massive, indeed, but neither that nor the house as a whole can be called sombre, for it has an ample fenestration and the long southern front has light and shade afforded by the breaking up into five portions, the ends being slightly brought forward and the centre bay treated as a pilastered semicircle.

Passing across the portico we find ourselves in the entrance hall, and beyond it through the columns we see the second and third halls, from the last of which rises the staircase. That has been recently much improved by the introduction of a finely designed Venetian window in the same stone as the mantelpiece (Fig. 10), which is a new and agreeable feature in the outer hall. To the right of it, standing on a good piece of seventeenth century Swiss furniture, is one of the most interesting troves made by Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley. It is a gigantic apple with foliated stalk wrought in copper, and would have gone to the Basle Museum had not the present owners proved the swifter purchasers. Those who know Albert Dürer's etching of St. Jerome will remember that a closely similar object depends from the ceiling, the fruit in this case being a pear and not an apple. Above the apple is a picture of the judge. Most of his effects no doubt perished in the fire of 1651, but at least one very interesting relic remains. It is a large leather bound book

containing notes made by him sitting in Court as judge. But his notes do not begin the book, of which the first pages contain accounts and entries in an earlier hand. These attracted the attention of Sir Wm. St. John Hope when he was at Spetchley, and he discovered that the book had originally belonged to the Chapter of Salisbury and that the entries dated from 1539, the year of the dissolution of the monasteries and of the first outburst of iconoclastic zeal. Thus, among the entries occurs the account of payments made for the destruction of the Shrine of St. Osmund, of which, as the Dean wrote to Mr. Berkeley, only a meagre local reference had previously been known to exist. Other books dating from the judge's time and of equal interest and greater sumptuousness are Old and New Testaments that had belonged to Charles I. Whether they were presented to him by the King is uncertain, though very probable. The bindings are exquisite samples of their day; a red velvet ground has the royal arms embroidered, or rather embossed, in gold and silver thread, and surrounded by a scrolled border, similarly

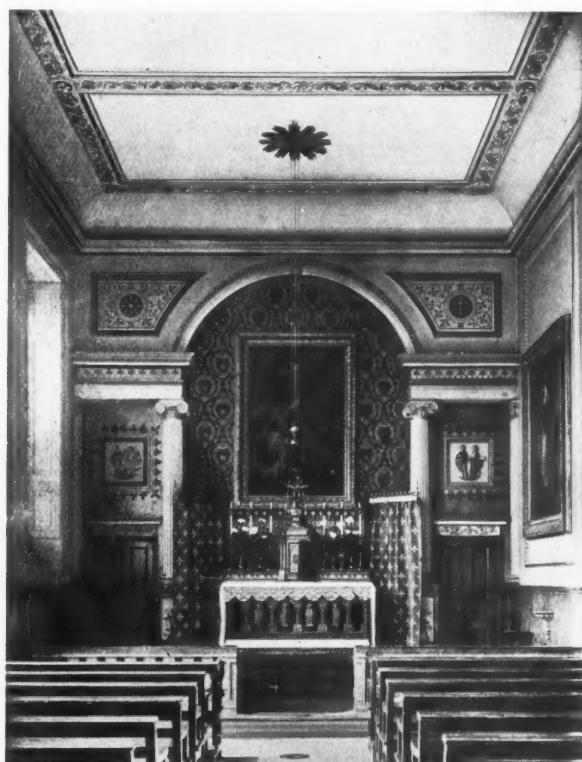
treated. One of the volumes appears in the illustration (Fig. 7) of a bedroom having Japanese paintings as wall



Copyright. 9.—THE HABINGTON MEMORIAL. "C.L."



Copyright. 10.—IN THE ENTRANCE HALL. "C.L."
The portrait of Judge Berkeley hangs on the right of the fireplace.



Copyright. 11.—IN THE CHAPEL. "C.L."

panels and exceptionally fine old embroidered linen hangings and spread to the four-post bed.

The sweep of the iron balustered staircase along the north side of the inmost hall is well contrived, while the gallery on the south side is a very pleasant feature. Below the gallery the illustration (Fig. 6) reveals several other of Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley's choice acquisitions. On a quite unusually good Swiss buffet are several Italian bronzes of the best period of her renaissance, while above is an early

sixteenth century tapestry which they purchased for its excellence without knowing its history. What struck them as peculiar was that there seemed a replacement of an oblong portion close to the heads of several of the figures. The mystery was explained when they came across a monograph dated 1863 and published at Grenoble—not far from where the piece was purchased—called “*Une tapisserie de Molière : Les Amours de Gombaut & Macée*,” and containing an engraving of a tapestry alike in subject and detail to that now at Spetchley, but with oblong labels containing verses out of the legend of Gombaut and Macée, which was a favourite subject with the Flemish tapestry weavers at the period coinciding with the reigns of our Tudor Kings. A full set of the legend was of eight pieces, and being directly alluded to in “*L'Avare*,” it is thought that Molière himself possessed part of or all the set. Several single pieces of the legend existed in 1863, one of them at Grenoble. That is the one depicted in the monograph, but whether it is the Spetchley piece before the verses were removed, or another of the same subject, it is difficult to say.

Although much of the delightful furnishings of Spetchley has been introduced recently, much also is there by inheritance. Such is the very fine set of chairs covered in original

needlework, now in the drawing-room (Fig. 5). They are of the mid-Chippendale period, when “Old Uncle” first held sway at Spetchley. Rather later is the bookcase (now full of good pieces of porcelain, European and Oriental) which is seen behind one of the chairs (Fig. 8). The drawing-room itself is fully representative of the time when the present house was built. Chimneypieces had become modest, and their unmoulded shelf sat straight on pilaster or column, instead of having frieze and cornice in the manner of the classic entablature from which they were derivative. A dado and a cornice were the only other features of the room. But the work was good. The mahogany doors and oak floors that occur in the principal rooms were of seasoned material, skilfully wrought. The chapel which, as Neale tells us, occupies the east end of the house, is commemorative of the fact that the Spetchley family has remained firm in the old faith to which the judge's son reverted. The chapel is of two storey height with a gallery. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist and a fine picture of the Saint by an Italian master hangs over the altar (Fig. 11).

Such, in brief, is the story of the Berkeleys of Spetchley and of their house. Of the charm of the gardens there will be more to say next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE PASSION OF REIMS CATHEDRAL

BY AYMER VALLANCE.

NUMEROUS views of Reims Cathedral have appeared from the time when the ill fated building first began to suffer from the effects of the German bombardment. No apology, however, is needed for the accompanying views, which are of exceptional interest as illustrating the actual state of the church as it stands after the most recent onslaughts. And here, at the outset, it should be noted (as the second picture shows) that the pair of western towers is yet standing. This is highly significant in the face of the fact that the only pretext urged by the Germans in justification of their shelling the church was the charge that the towers were being used unfairly as points of vantage for military observation. The French, on the other hand, have always strenuously denied this, and it does indeed seem strange that, if the Germans sincerely believed the charge themselves, they should not have aimed at demolishing the offending towers instead of shelling the other parts of the building which they do not even pretend to have afforded them any provocation. It will be remembered that it was the north-west tower which suffered

most, not, however, so much from having been made the direct target of German projectiles as from the accidental



VIEW FROM WESTERN TOWER LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

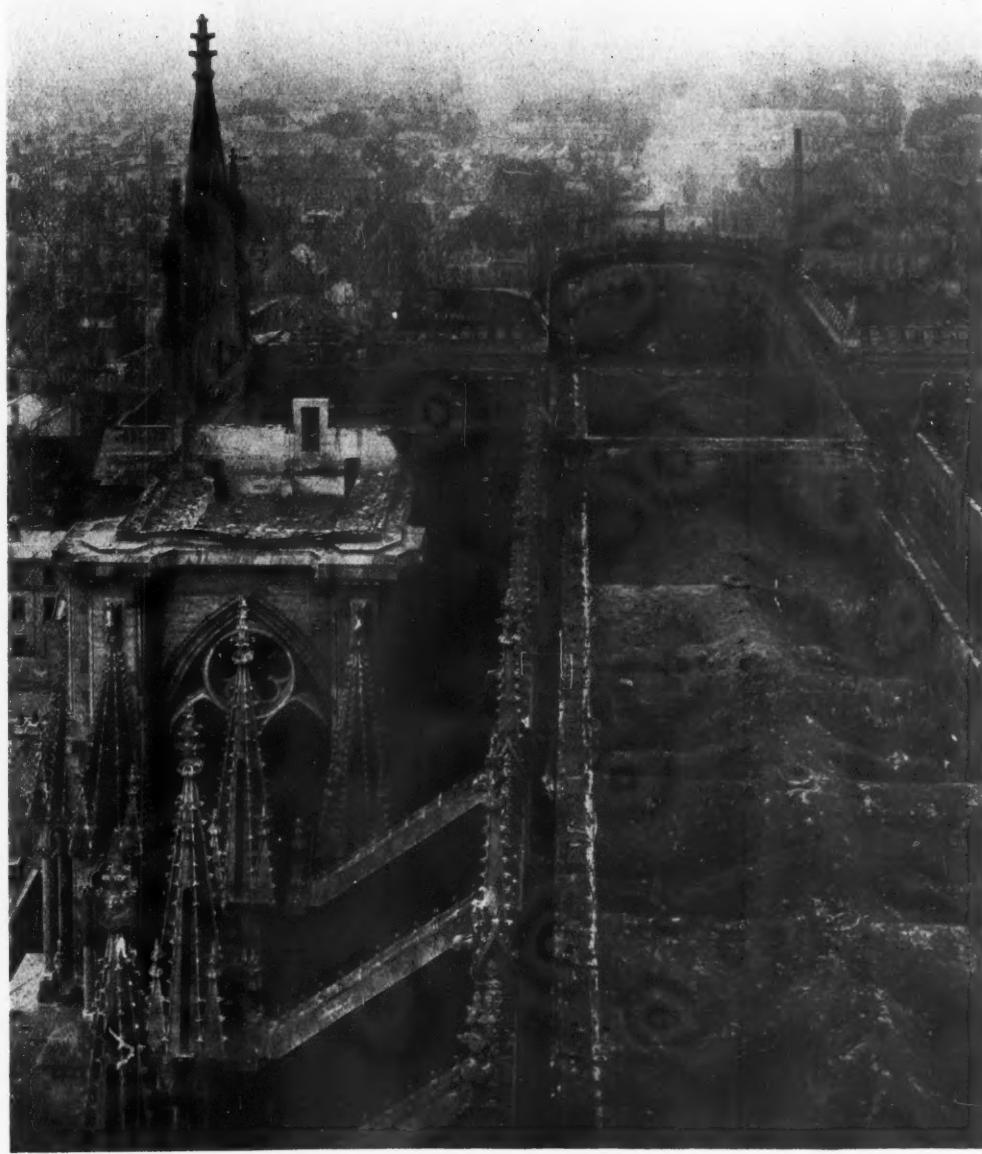
circumstance that it was in process of repair at the time, and the wooden scaffolding becoming ignited, exposed the stonework to the full intensity of the destroying flames. The fourth picture shows the terrible devastation that has befallen the lower part of this tower, the portal of which contains some of the very finest statuary in the whole building—statuary, alas! now irrevocably defaced.

Some idea of the damage sustained by the interior is afforded by the next (the fifth) picture, which shows the west end of the nave's south aisle. The glazed tympanum over the doorway is utterly wrecked, only a few fragments of broken glass being left adhering to the iron framework. The west wall of the interior, both of the nave and aisles, is completely encrusted with figures and tabernacle work. An instance in some sort parallel occurs in the west wall of the interior of York Minster; but the feature, whether in this country or abroad, is a rare one. The accompanying photograph reveals how extensive is the damage done to this part of the Cathedral and how futile any idea of "restoring" the ornamental work must necessarily be. The glimpse through the denuded doorway shows the statuary on the right-hand side of the southernmost portal of the façade comparatively uninjured. These figures, together with some in one of the three portals of the north transept, constituting a series of Apostles and Prophets, are among the crudest and least satisfactory in the whole building. They are distinguished by the clumsiness of their heads, hands and feet, and by the rigid monotony of the drapery.

In order to realise exactly what has happened to the roof of Reims Cathedral it is necessary to bear in mind that there are two alternative methods of treating a vaulted roof, viz., the Byzantine and the Gothic. In Byzantine domical construction



ON THE TOP OF THE NAVE VAULTS LOOKING WEST.



VIEW FROM THE NORTH-WEST TOWER LOOKING EAST.

the roof that appears outwardly to the eye is actually the reverse or convex of the inner concave surface which is seen from below within the building. Such a system of construction rarely occurs in the west, though it is adopted; for example, in the roofing of Rosslyn Chapel, near Edinburgh. The roof there is externally convex, corresponding with the barrel vault within, there being no interval whatever between the back of the vaulting and the superficial healing of stone slabs without.

On the other hand, in vaulted buildings of the normal Gothic type, of which Reims Cathedral is one, the stone vaulting is exposed to view from below, within the building, and from below only. The upper surface of the vaulting is not seen from without. It is completely enveloped by a sloping span-roof of saddle-back form. This kind of roof consists of a wooden framework covered with lead, slate or tiles as the case may be. The function of this outer roof is, of course, to protect the stonework from the weather—for the reverse of the vaulting necessarily comprises deep cavities, or "pockets," into which, were they exposed, rain might soak or snow accumulate, sapping the joints of the masonry, to the danger of the entire structure. In the instance of Reims Cathedral it is this outer envelope of sloping roof which has perished, while the stone vaulting beneath happily remains, at any rate throughout the greater part of its extent, intact. But such a state of things cannot last for an indefinite length of time. Robbed of its essential protection in the shape of the outer covering of span-roof, the stone vaulting underneath must eventually succumb to the effects of wet and frost, even if it be not ruptured by the violence of enemy bombardment. Some slight consolation, however, may be gained from the fact that the fallen débris of the burnt roof almost chokes the hollow pockets of the vaulting, and is thickly strewn over the convex surface of the stonework itself. The view on the top of the roof, looking west, clearly shows the masses of débris piled up nearly as high as the level of the ridge, the loftiest part of the vaulting. Such an accumulation is very far, of course, from affording adequate protection, but it is better than if the masonry were left quite bare to the weather.

The outer roof can—nay must—be replaced; but there is one external feature, the loss of which is irremediable, to wit the Angel spire. This exquisite work formed no part of the original scheme of the thirteenth century building. It was, in fact, only the outcome of the repairs necessitated by the disastrous fire on July 24th, 1481. In that conflagration the five spires then existing, *i.e.*, the central spire over the crossing, and the pair of spires at either end of the transept, were all destroyed. Nor were they ever



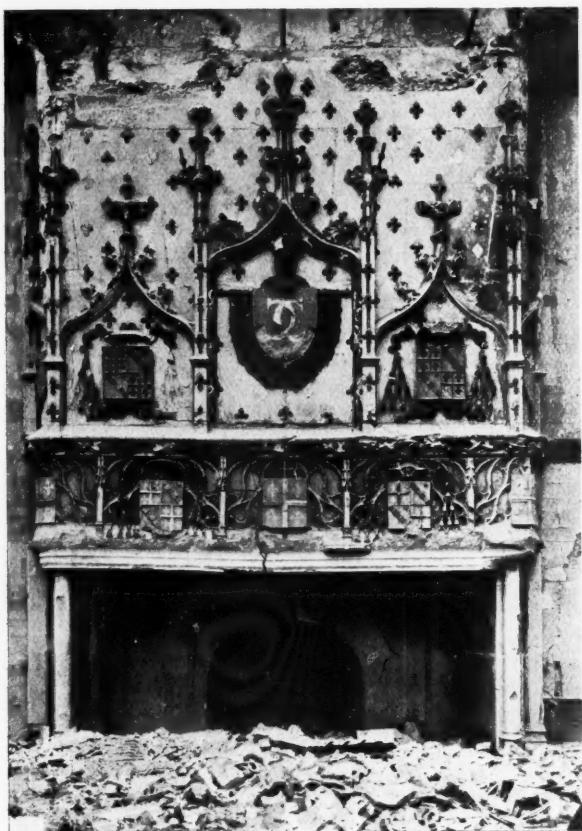
SOUTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE EXTERIOR.



SOUTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE.

replaced ; for, though many plans and estimates were prepared and discussed, every scheme came to nothing ; and in the end there was substituted the Angel spirelet, which was set up in a most unusual position, at the apex of the apse roof. The spire was of wood covered with lead, enriched with colour and gilding. It was surmounted by the figure of an angel executed in copper, standing on a globe with a cross in his hand. Hence the name Angel spire. The lower portion consisted of an open gallery surrounded at the junction with the roof by seven supporting figures in the attitude of caryatides. The whole was the work of Colard le Moine of Cambrai, and was erected in 1485.

In the absence of the high-pitched roof, the parapet, viewed from the top of the nave vaulting, appears disproportionately lofty—as in very truth it is, being no less than 14ft. in height. The existing parapet, it should be observed, is not authentic. The original, having been



FIREPLACE IN THE BANQUETING HALL OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

very seriously damaged by the fire of 1481, was thereafter patched and remodelled, in 1506, in the manner of the day. The result naturally did not commend itself to the academic judgment of nineteenth century purists. The whole of the mediæval parapet, then, earlier and later work alike, was taken down, and in its place was erected an entirely fresh parapet, of conjectural character, designed to counterfeit the style of the thirteenth century. The fire of 1481 also wrought such havoc upon the gables of the extremities of the transept that both of them had to be rebuilt at the time, no attempt, of course, being made to imitate the perished originals. The work, executed about the year 1500, was accordingly of the rich late-Gothic of the period, with vertical stone panelling and statuary. The sculptured group of the north gable represented the Annunciation, that of the south gable the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The latter group, unfortunately, having decayed from centuries of exposure, was "restored" toward the close of the nineteenth century in very poor imitation of late-Gothic. It is interesting to recall that the south gable was crowned, as it had been in the days before the fire, with a hip-knob in the shape of a figure of Sagittarius, carved at the expense, and under the personal superintendence, of one of the Canons, Jean Bourgoing, by an imager of Reims, by name Jean Bourcamus. Though surmounting a stone gable, the Sagittarius was executed, strange to say, in walnut wood, and covered with sheet lead, painted and gilt. As shown by the photographs these two gables, howsoever injured by the bombardment, are still standing. That at the

north end of the transept, as shown in perspective in the photograph, has almost the appearance of a gigantic pinnacle.

It was the custom for the Dauphin to spend the night before his coronation as King of France under the Archbishop's roof ; the coronation banquet which followed being held in the great hall of the Palace. The hall (not to be compared in size and magnificence with our St. Stephen's Hall at Westminster) was distinguished by a splendid fireplace, the chimney-breast of which was richly decorated with late-Gothic ornament and heraldry. The latter comprised the arms of Archbishop Briconnet, with the date 1498. The work, however, was not finished until 1500, during the primacy of Archbishop de Lenoncourt. The Palace itself, as the first view makes clear, has been gutted by the fire ; while the last photograph affords a melancholy picture of what survives of the fireplace in the ruined hall. The destruction of the latter is the more to be regretted since this room was among the few to escape the disfiguring renovation and remodelling to which the greater part of the Palace, exterior and interior alike, was subjected during the eighteenth century.

A JUNE PILGRIMAGE

THE West Country, with its stretches of rich pasture and meadow land, is far-famed for grazing and dairy farming. Wherever land is cultivated, whether it be under plough or grass, there the farmer has to cope with his natural enemies—weeds. The fascination exercised by these weeds, the endeavour to learn their habits, likes and dislikes, led one's footsteps into Gloucestershire for a prolonged enquiry. The mowing fields in June are jealously guarded against intrusion, and great indeed is the privilege conferred by permission to invade their sanctity. Such permission is the Open Sesame to many wonders of plant and animal life and to many local peculiarities of the countryside that hide themselves from the casual eye.

The proximity of the Cotswolds to the Severn causes great diversity in the pastures, which range from rough upland grasslands, so steep that one wonders why the cattle and sheep do not come to grief, through level plains, down to the rich lush meadows in the vales and by the banks of the Severn. Much of the land has been laid down to grass during the present generation, and many are the tales told of the days when certain fields were under the plough—tales of prowess in ploughing matches, and of great feats of reaping with the scythe in the days before the advent of the binder. Nowadays the arable cultivation has sunk into relative insignificance, the pre-eminent position being occupied by the grazing and dairy farming on the grassland. The whole district produces milk—a morning ride along the lanes reveals the milk churns, be they few or many, set outside the farm gates by the roadside in readiness for the itinerant milk wagon which collects and conveys them to the station or to the nearest market town. Comparatively little butter is made in the south-west part of the county, but a few farms are noted for their cheese. It is a never-to-be-forgotten sight to see the huge cheese vats full of the morning's milk just setting into curd, while overhead in the light, airy cheeseroom the floor is half covered with great Cheddar cheeses ripening for market. On the whole the dairy farmer does not bother much about weeds on his grassland. His one *bête noire* is garlic, which has a bad reputation for tainting the milk and butter. The simplest solution of the difficulty seems to be that of keeping the dairy cattle out of the fields in which the garlic grows, and running the grazing cattle in them.

The outstanding feature of grassland, the feature which gives the meadows their chief beauty at flowering time, is the great variety of the grasses and herbs. Supreme over all are the buttercups, which turn the green breadths into veritable fields of cloth of gold. In the damp, low-lying places the tall buttercup grows waist-high; elsewhere appears the smaller bulbous buttercup, still more golden in colour, with its root-stock like a large white radish. In spite of their beauty, however, the golden flowers are impatiently nosed aside by the cattle in favour of the more luscious bottom growth. Many of the fields were laid down from arable land in ridge and furrow with the idea of providing more efficient drainage. This has more or less failed in its object, but the furrow remains, a menace to the mowing machine and an interruption to the continuity of the sward. In the damper places the furrows

are in strong contrast to the ridges, and are marked out by long lines of dark green rushes and sedges, interspersed with clumps of ragged robin with its shaggy pink flowers, creeping jenny, meadowsweet, and sometimes even more typical water plants, such as brooklime and watercress.

On all soils and in all places thistles are ubiquitous—creeping thistles, marsh thistles, prickly thistles—the first named taking the place of honour (or dishonour?). Growing thistles are useless to man and beast; judiciously cut twice a year they are more or less relished by sheep and cattle, but if left to their own devices they lay up much trouble in store. The marsh thistle, as its name implies, is an indicator of dampness, and it often grows in situations that a careless observer would declare to be anything but damp, such as on hilltops and hillsides where apparently the water has every opportunity to drain away. Careful search, however, always shows that drainage is in some way interfered with—on the hillsides there is often a rocky outcrop, on the hilltops a rocky bed not far from the surface of the soil. These outcrops are often indicated by sudden changes in the vegetation. It is not unusual to see a great meadow white with pignut, which abruptly disappears along a well defined line that is marked by ridges of bare rock projecting from the soil. The pignut is a "finicky" plant with strong likes and dislikes, and few other plants appear and disappear with such disconcerting abruptness with any slight change in soil conditions.

One of the loveliest of weeds when in full flower is the woodwax, or dyer's greenweed, which closely resembles a leafy broom growing in dense masses one or two feet high. Beautiful as it is, it is yet most pernicious. It is poisonous to cattle, which usually leave it severely alone; sheep will occasionally eat it in default of anything better. This year, conditions seem to have been peculiarly favourable to its spread, and in

some places acres of good grassland are in a fair way to be ruined by the woodwax, which is spreading vigorously by its long underground roots, and is cropping up in all sorts of unexpected places.

Such a pilgrimage through the fields in search of weeds brings one in close touch with the wild life of the countryside in aspects which escape the traveller on the highways. In the long grass the rabbit tracks appear as narrow lanes leading to the warrens. Now and again bewildered and inexperienced young bunnies run straight to one's feet in their wild endeavours to escape the unknown dangers. Yet again, an agitated hen pheasant runs round and round in circles seeking to draw the intruder further away from her hidden nest. In some places the curlews circle overhead, their mournful scream vying with the lark's song in its penetrating quality. Elsewhere the fledglings are receiving their first lessons in aviation, and may sometimes be picked up and fondled by a cautious bird-lover.

Nor are humorous incidents lacking. One family of eight youthful "Gloucester Spots," left motherless at three weeks old and since brought up by hand, follow their benefactress about the farmyard, seizing her skirt in their porcine gambols. The eight formed a most effective guard when they decided to sleep, arranged as closely and regularly as sardines in a tin, on the outer side of an exit gate which only opened outwards.

With the passing of the days the haytime drew near, ushered in by the preliminary cutting of the banks by the roadsides. As one cycled through the lanes one met busy groups of men and women loading the freshly cut grass into traps and wagons of all descriptions. Before this task was fairly completed the whirr of the mowing machine was heard in the fields, and with the fall of the grass and the weeds came the end of the pilgrimage.

WINIFRED E. BRENCHLEY.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Ultimate Belief, by A. Clutton-Brock. (Constable.)

M R. CLUTTON-BROCK'S new book is a discourse on spiritual philosophy addressed to teachers. It was provoked by the war. The Germans teach in their schools a very definite philosophy, the kernel of which is found in their national song "Deutschland über Alles." Often has the Kaiser set it forth in his speeches. Every birth adds to the property of the State; it is the duty of every citizen (especially if he be poor!) to place himself body and soul at the State's disposal. A wrong doctrine, but it leads to fanatical strength, concludes Mr. Clutton-Brock. There is no parallel teaching either right or wrong in England. So in the midst of war's alarms he seizes a grey goose quill or a fountain pen and sets out his philosophy. It is an old-fashioned, highly commendable and very honest philosophy. In it the author finds articulate language for principles that rule the conduct of his fellow countrymen. When millions of our young men laid aside their civil aims and careers to serve their country, they proved their belief in a philosophy for which they could not find words. They even despise fine terms. In the English language there is no exact equivalent for the French phrase *La Patrie*; that is, no possible rendering will convey to an English mind what this means to a Frenchman. When soldiers find a name like "Blighty" for their native land, it may be taken as certain that they would be lost in amazement at high sounding terms like Mr. Clutton-Brock's "the glory of the universe." Yet it is difficult to open a page without coming on sonorous phrases in which it is again and again repeated as on page 73:

But the only final test of beauty or truth for us is our recognition of them, of this relation in which the glory of the universe is revealed to us; and our delight in both is always a delight in the revealed glory of the universe.

At a time when human energy is concentrated on the art of killing and inflicting pain, when hell is so let loose that one of the greatest and most sober-minded leaders of the day has pointed out that there is a danger of its ending in the annihilation of the human race, the philosopher must be in his most comfortable armchair to discourse on "the glory of the universe." Rachel weeping for her children is not to be effectually comforted thus.

But, indeed, no war is needed to shake one's belief in the "absolute values" set forth by the writer. "Change

and decay in all around I see"—growth and flux and death are characteristics of the universe as well as of the individual. Conscience is not a miraculous gift, as Mr. Clutton-Brock assumes, but a result of experience and education. It is manifested in dogs, and dogs of most diverse training. We have seen a labourer's dog when it had failed to guard his master's jacket, and a thief's dog when it had failed to steal from a shop an article touched by its owner, cower in exactly the same way. Alike in dog and man conscience is governed by teaching. Truth itself has changed in value with the progress of evolution. We, the heirs of all ages, may possibly have arrived at a final knowledge of its value, but in other climates and by other men the power to disguise it was esteemed the greater virtue.

All of this is but an indirect way of saying that Mr. Clutton-Brock should have approached his subject by the evolutionary way. He would probably have arrived at the same goal in the end, but he would have been more convincing. It may have been destined, before the beginning of days, that the human race was ultimately to arrive at conceptions of good and evil which were absolute and fundamental; but towards that goal, that ultimate belief, it has moved with blind and halting footsteps. It has not always winnowed experience very carefully, and it is not easy to believe that to this generation has been accorded a final and complete revelation. The present condition of this universe, at any rate, does not fill one with an exalted idea of the moral progress that has been made!

It follows that the most important question to discuss is that of sanction. Mr. Clutton-Brock gravely arraigns those who say "Honesty is the best policy." His point is slyly but well made in the anecdote of the Scottish father who, dismissing his son with the legendary half-crown in his pocket, quoted the saw and added naïvely, "And I ken for I've tried baith." But this was "mocks and gibes." In a higher sense, Honesty is policy. "Truth lasts longest" and "Speak the Truth and shame the Devil" are ancient saws derived from recognition of the fact that although falsehood may produce a temporary smoothing over, it brings worse evils in its train, while Truth generally produces at least peace of mind. Closely allied to it is Honour, curiously omitted in the essay. War has the effect of exalting honour. In it a man's lightest word must be as good as his bond, because joint operations would be doomed to failure if those taking part in them did not

implicitly believe that each would risk death rather than break a promise. He who fails to do so may endanger the existence of armies. And no man can be trusted to keep important engagements unless he has made it a habit to keep to his word.

Veterinary Therapeutics, by E. Wallis Hoare, F.R.C.V.S., Lecturer in Veterinary Hygiene, University College, Cork. (Bailliere, Tindall and Cox, 18s.)

THIS third edition of Mr. Wallis Hoare's well known *Veterinary Therapeutics* is an entirely re-written work. As the author points out in the Preface, "It was imperative to extend certain sections, to delete obsolete and doubtful methods of treatment, and to include new therapeutic methods whose value had either been proved clinically, or whose utility, judging by the encouraging results obtained in a limited number of instances, is likely to be demonstrated on future occasions." The volume deals with therapeutics and therapeutics alone. It is not intended as a textbook on *materia medica*, or on *pharmacy*, and it includes only so much pharmacology as is necessary to explain the uses of the various medical agents. It is, in fact, a highly technical work of great value to the veterinary surgeon, but one which should be reviewed in a technical journal rather than in a weekly newspaper. Still, as an example of the treatment the author adopts we may take, perhaps, the drug belladonna. Our author begins the chapter dealing with this herb and its derivatives, with an account of the various forms in which belladonna is used in therapeutics: belladonna leaves, belladonna roots, various extracts of belladonna are all carefully described and their doses set forth. Following upon this list comes the action of belladonna on the suffering animal, both externally and internally. Its action on the nervous system, on the spinal cord, on special nerve terminations, on the heart and circulation, on respiration, on temperature, this is all fully set forth, and then comes a section dealing with the toxic action of the drug and the best antidotes should overdoses be "exhibited," and then, again, a careful consideration of its medicinal uses. This volume is a book of reference of great value which every veterinary surgeon should have in his bookcase. Although clearly and concisely written, it cannot be described as a volume for continuous perusal or even as "light reading," and probably the author would be the last to wish it were so.

The Munitions of Peace, by H. E. Morgan. (Nisbet, 2s. 6d.)

IT is a natural as well as a wholesome thing that such a book as *The Munitions of Peace*, by H. E. Morgan, should make its appearance at the present moment. In the midst of war he bids us gird up our loins against the time when peace shall once again reign in Europe—a peace when industrial competition threatens to prove the nation's mettle almost as intensely as war itself. Mr. Morgan's diagnosis of Britain's ills is sufficiently searching; his remedies for those ills are equally drastic. He points out that all hopes of securing an adequate indemnity from the Central Empires may be dismissed as an empty dream. He concludes, therefore, that we must look to ourselves to pay our own war bills, the result of which necessarily will be a lowering of incomes all round, and the practical extinction of the "leisure classes." The return of so many men from active service to civil life, and the presence in the labour market of unnumbered women who, having tasted the stern joy of responsible work, will be naturally reluctant to resign their activities are both factors which are bound to render the future position difficult. As against these indisputable facts, he contends that the end of the war will find us with largely developed resources in plant and machinery for which the owners will be seeking productive and profitable work. And the concluding link in the argument is, that as the present inflated internal consumption will be reduced to a startling extent, while incomes generally will certainly be much lower, the only remedy is to devote our energies to export trade. Mr. Morgan's proposed scheme for putting the commerce of the Empire on a sound footing is likely, however, to meet with criticism. He suggests a quasi-independent body to be called the National Trade Agency, which would yet possess many of the powers of the great Executive Departments; something, in a word, like the Port of London Authority. And it is to be staffed by "the young, virile fighters on the battle-fields of British trade," not by the typical politician, or even the typical Civil Servant. Its duties are to include the collection of trade information, national publicity, with special attention to exhibitions, the cultivation of closer commercial relations with the Overseas Dominions, embodying some scheme of Imperial Preference, migration within the Empire, trade relations with other countries, the foundation and maintenance of State-owned and State-aided banks, the problems of transportation, the improvement of business education, and many other things. But when Mr. Morgan asks us to entrust these vast powers to a body practically independent of Parliamentary control, he is likely to be faced with considerable difficulty. Apart from this objection, the author makes various excellent suggestions for the work that is to be entrusted to the National Trade Agency, especially for the improvement of the Patent Laws and for the greater efficiency of research in relation to industry; and although many will differ from him they will find much interesting matter in his book.

Twilight in Italy, by D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth, 6s.)

MR. LAWRENCE has before now written very unpleasant things and quite unnecessarily unpleasant things, but no fair-minded person, however righteous his indignation, could doubt that he was more than something of a poet. And as regards this book, in which he breaks fresh ground, it is agreeable to be able to praise the poet in him without finding the old ground of offence. His descriptions of Northern Italy are full of beauty and imagination. To write long descriptions of scenery is a bold deed, for they can so easily become tiresome; but Mr. Lawrence's do not, and when he is alone with the mountains and the sky we admire him whole-heartedly. On the other hand, when he traces the effect on the people of the scenes amid which they live, we find ourselves, we confess, somewhat out of our depth. "It is a race that moves

on the poles of mystic sensual delight. Every gesture is a gesture from the blood, every expression is a symbolic utterance." We are not certain what this means, nor, indeed, that it means anything very definite. Sometimes, too, he descends suddenly from his heights to assume a kind of egotistical mildness. "I took the steamer down to Como and slept in a vast old stone cavern of an inn, a remarkable place, with rather nice people. In the morning I went out." We seem to have heard sentences very much like this "from a college window." But if we are sometimes puzzled and sometimes wearied there is great deal of compensation in the intervals, for Mr. Lawrence at his best is very good indeed.

From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles. A Midshipman's Log, edited by His Mother. (Heinemann, 1s.)

SHORT and slight though it is, few books on the war have interested us more than this midshipman's account of his experiences, written in the first place for private circulation only, and ranging from his going to Dartmouth in May, 1914, as a boy of barely fifteen, to his first leave after ten months' service when his ship had been torpedoed in the Dardanelles. It is a picture of life from day to day on active service, written with an entire absence of self-consciousness, an ingenuous boyish eagerness for new experiences, and an enthusiasm for the Navy that would disarm criticism were any forthcoming. But these very qualities make for good writing, and every scene in the little book stands out: the excitement among the cadets when on August 1st they heard the momentous order to mobilise; the bombardment of Dar-es-Salam; the last scene when his ship went down in less than four minutes and nearly six hundred of her crew of seven hundred and sixty sank with her. After this terrible experience the boy was appointed second in command of a torpedo boat, and the only emotion he expresses on hearing that he was to be sent home instead was one of regret at losing an experience he had set his heart on, though he afterwards admitted the wisdom of the decision. Not less interesting than the boy's story is the preface by his mother, in which she refers to the well meant but unnecessary protest raised by a Member of Parliament against the employment of "mere children" in naval warfare. Apart from any question of humanity it was argued that the cadets "were of no use on the ships, and only a source of worry to their superior officers"—statements very practically disproved in her son's brief record. She herself does not trouble to contradict them, but she raises the question, "Did those who agitated for these cadets to be removed from the post of danger forget, or did they never realise, that on every battleship there is a large number of boys, sons of the working classes, whose service is indispensable?" It seemed to me that if my son was too young to be exposed to such danger, the principle must apply equally to the son of my cook, or my butcher, or my gardener, whose boys were no less precious to them than mine was to me." Courage and understanding are displayed in this preface no less than in the story itself, and we would gladly meet again with both the midshipman and his mother.

Margot's Progress, by Douglas Goldring. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

MR. GOLDRING has written an entertaining story. The pity is that it is not a pleasanter one. His subject is the social rise of a young Canadian girl of no birth or education, but considerable beauty and intelligence. How from plain Maggie Carter she becomes Margot Cartier, trades on the kindness of rich Bayswater Jews, and eventually reaches heights of magnificence on which she finds the conversation of a marchioness an insuperable bore—having meantime achieved an admirable marriage—makes entertaining reading, but not elevating. Mr. Goldring is at his best when discoursing on pictures, of which he shows a wide knowledge and discerning taste. He also has a very pretty gift of epigram. Margot is distinctly amusing, and if he will but bring the same talent and the same care to bear on a worthier subject we shall read his next book with real pleasure.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Big Game Fields of America North and South, by D. J. Singer. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)
- The Holy War, by Katharine Tynan. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)
- In Seven Lands, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)
- The Russian Arts, by Ross Newmarch. (Jenkins, 5s.)
- Central American and West Indian Archeology, by Thomas H. Joyce. (Lee Warner, 12s. 6d.)
- Horse Sense, by Walt Mason. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)
- Political and Literary Essays, by the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)
- General Botha : The Career and the Man, by Harold Spender. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)
- Ypres and Other Poems, by Wm. G. Shakespeare. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 2s.)
- A Profession for Gentlewomen, by F. S. Carey. (Constable, 3s.)
- The Slavs of the War Zone, by W. F. Bailey, C.B. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.)
- What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince, by an English Governess. (Chapman and Hall, 1s.)
- Bearers of the Burden, by Major W. P. Drury. (Chapman and Hall, 1s.)
- The Counsels of Callisthenes. (Chapman and Hall, 1s.)
- Poetry of Fantasy, by Walter Hull. (Elkin Mathews, 6d.)
- The Night Side of London, by R. Machray. (Werner Laurie, 6d.)
- Cats, not by Louis Wain. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)
- A Year Ago, by Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Swinton and Captain the Earl Percy. (Arnold, 2s.)
- The Dawn of Sacrifice, by "Taurus." (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.)
- Politics by Heinrich von Trietsche, Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, two volumes. (Constable.)
- The Farmer's Bride, by Charlotte Mew. (The Poetry Book Shop, 1s.)
- The National History of France : The Eighteenth Century, by Casimir Stryienski (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)
- Milk, and its Hygienic Relations, by Janet E. Lane-Claypon, M.D., D.Sc. (Lond.) (Longmans, Green, 7s. 6d.)
- The Cruise of the Tomas Barrera, by John B. Henderson. (Putnam, 12s. 6d.)
- Diamonds, by Frank B. Wade. (Putnam, 6s.)
- A Gentlewoman of France, by René Boylesve. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)
- German Atrocities : An Official Investigation, by J. H. Morgan. (Fisher Unwin, 1s.)
- A Citizens' Army : The Swiss System, by Julian Grande. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)
- War Time Silhouettes, by Stephen Hudson. (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
- Red Cross and Iron Cross, by a Doctor in France. (Murray, 2s. 6d.)
- Honeymoon Dialogues, by James James. (Eveleigh and Nash, 3s. 6d.)
- Motor Mechanics and High Efficiency Tuning, by L. Mantell. (Temple Press, 1s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE

"TOO WELL DRESSED."

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The official attitude of the United States towards the war, and especially your recent note in COUNTRY LIFE on President Wilson's speech, remind me of a conversation which I have frequently recalled during the past eighteen months, and which seems not without a certain interest at the present moment. It may still be remembered by some that a few years ago an American doctor landed on our shores with the expressed intention of disinterring—literally—a proof which would once and for all settle the question of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory. This proof was to take the form of certain documents which Bacon, for reasons best known to himself, had enclosed in a wooden chest, which chest he then deposited beneath the tidal waters of my much loved River Wye, a few yards only above Chepstow Bridge. The visitor, with his family, established himself at Chepstow, near which town I was then living. He got together navvies, pumps and other implements, and daily at low water delved and bored into the mud. And presently complete success was noise abroad; the chest, or at any rate the massive structure of beams which secured it in position, had been touched, was veritably there! Unhappily, as certain local sceptics had already guessed, what had been found proved to be remnants of a wooden causeway leading to the ancient Roman ford; and finally the doctor raised the siege and departed. But I am long in coming to my point. Though many old-fashioned people, myself included, remained sceptical as to our visitor's theories, we found him very entertaining company, and his charming wife and little daughters not less so. They were at tea with me one afternoon, and later, on the lawn, whence we could almost view the scene of his enthusiastic search, the conversation turned on war. The American admitted that appearances pointed that way—I cannot call to mind what special cloud was lowering just then—but he affirmed with confidence, "There'll be no war. War's out of date, and why? Because we're *too well dressed*." My brain works slowly, and he no doubt saw that I had not quite grasped the meaning of his simile, for he went on in much the following words: "War was all very well in prehistoric times, the Middle Ages, even in comparatively recent years. But we're in the twentieth century and, as I say, we're *too well dressed*; we have too many pretty things to spoil. Two workmen quarrel in the street; they fight; their clothes are cheap and shabby, a few rents, some mud or blood stains won't make matters much the worse. Well dressed men quarrel, and would often like to fight their quarrel out in the same way. But no! A silk hat spoilt, a shirt front crumpled, frock coat torn—it wouldn't do. They're *too well dressed*, my friend, and modern nations—the great nations—are the same. Our great town houses, art collections, stately mansions, pleasant gardens, all our comforts, luxuries, our great inventions, would get sadly knocked about. Believe me, war on a great scale and between great nations cannot be in modern times." Unfortunately, my guest's pleasant theory as to the impossibility of war on a great scale has, like his search for Bacon's submerged documents, come heavily to grief. One well dressed man indeed—America—looks on in unornamented clothes at the great struggle between others of his kind.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

MR. SOUTHALL'S BIRMINGHAM FRESCO.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the article on the above, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of June 17th, Mr. John Drinkwater has, in my opinion, overlooked what should have been in such a picture the human or appealing side. He eloquently tells us how the surface has been treated and how the medium has been laid on, but fails to see the incongruous treatment of the two principal figures in the composition—the seller and the buyer. The lady's attitude indicates that she is walking at a good pace. The tight skirt is stretched to its full extent, and yet she is supposed to be buying the flowers held out by the girl. How is she going to pay for them? Her right hand is engaged, her left is enveloped in the huge muff. How are those following immediately after her going to avoid her, for they, too, are walking and not stationary? And then the seller; where is the eager expression that one sees on the face of such when a deal is taking place? She might be a wax figure taken from Madame Tussaud's. No doubt from the splendid reproduction in your paper great pains have been taken in painting the picture, but the artist has, in his anxiety to paint every detail correctly, sacrificed the whole through lack of observation which he might have acquired in nearly any street where the flower-sellers congregate. I am not an art critic, simply a working man, but the question arose as soon as I saw the picture, "Is the lady snatching the flowers?" or "Is the girl giving them to her for nothing?"—A. SMITH.

CAT BITING OFF ITS KITTEN'S TAIL.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested some little time ago in reading some correspondence in your paper about a white cat that had the habit of biting off the tails of some of its kittens, and to note that this habit had been passed on to one of its offspring. It may interest some of your readers to hear that in a cottage at World's End, Church Stretton, I happened to see two cats (a tabby and a black) and neither of them had a tail. I commented on this, and was told the following: "Those are mother and son, sir. The mother, as far as we know, never had a tail, and after the kitten was born we found it one day with its tail almost off, and as far as we could tell, the mother bit it off."—F. H. PEARCE.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The White City introduced Shepherd's Bush to isolated country cousins. The name, however, reveals something to them which escapes or baffles the sharp-witted townsman. They know what a shepherd's bush

is, viz., a tough, well grown prickly tree, a landmark for shepherds on downs and unfrequented pastures. The tree is trained, for the inside is cut away until but a thick circle of growth is left. It is like a large basin made of pot 20in. thick. The trunk of the tree makes a bed, and a sack thrown into the basin protects the recumbent shepherd from thorns. When he wants, he can stand up, rest his elbows on the edge of the basin, and keep watch over his flock. Probably at one time, before the city had encroached upon it, some such tree marked the locality now known as Shepherd's Bush, which took its name from the fact.—MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

LIQUID MANURE TANK.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have to thank you for inserting my letter and plan in your last issue. In reference to Mr. Vendelmann's remarks, I can only suggest that you place our respective plans in the hands of a quantity surveyor with a request to estimate the respective costs for a building 54ft. long. My other point is that Mr. Vendelmanns has not yet explained how the tank with only 32in. headway can be cleaned.—J. W. S. DE MORAVILLE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have an interest in mixed farming in Sussex and have read the articles regarding the liquid manure tank appearing in your issues of June 10th and July 1st, but fail to see how Mr. Vendelmanns can claim that his scheme is inexpensive. First, the cost of excavating the tank can scarcely be taken as "almost nil," as a considerable amount of labour would be required. As to the employment of the excavated earth in improving the surroundings of the shed, surely this is rather superfluous. Secondly, the floors and walls of the tank have to be concreted, and as the tank is to be made the entire length of the building this would cost a considerable amount. Thirdly, a row of stanchions has to be put in down the centre of the shed to carry the longitudinal and transverse joists to support the floor, besides the gratings, and reinforced concrete for the floor of the shed. All this expense would be obviated by having a surface drain, as shown in Mr. de Moraville's scheme. Mr. Vendelmanns states that the tank can be cleaned when necessary, but I fail to see how, as it is only proposed to make the tank 32in. deep, and with this clearance nobody could possibly carry out cleaning operations. It is evident that periodical cleaning would be absolutely necessary, as liqu'd manure fouls very rapidly, and this fouling would be increased by reason of the area of the tank placing a large surface of the liquid in contact with the atmosphere. It really seems to me that Mr. Vendelmanns' scheme is quite unnecessarily elaborate, expensive, and in actual practice less efficient than Mr. de Moraville's, which gives the desired results, is the essence of simplicity and very inexpensive.—A. H. A. GRENGER.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. Vendelmanns' article in your issue of June 10th, and also Mr. de Moraville's letter on the subject in the issue of July 1st. As to the extra cost, Mr. Vendelmanns can readily get it confirmed that the placing of the tank partly above ground does not reduce the extra brickwork required. I notice he disposes of the excavated soil by improving the surroundings—possibly with flower-beds—which would have a most beneficial effect on the cows. But I think that Mr. Vendelmanns ought to arrange for a practical demonstration of the cleaning of his 32in. in height tank—it would be most stimulating. I for one prefer the old-fashioned sort as described by Mr. de Moraville.—WILLIAM E. CALVER.

In regard to the above letter Mr. Vendelmanns writes as follows: "With regard to the question of cost. The cubic content of the tank must be calculated so as to hold the output of liquid manure between two successive emptyings; that is, between two seasons of use on the land. This, Mr. Moraville's tank of 3ft. 6in. diameter and 8ft. depth, which is supposed to accommodate twelve cows, would not do. Excavation to that depth compares very unfavourably with my tank which only represents a depth of about 18in. under the soil, the rest being above the level of the ground. Again, no slope is needed in my tank, as the liquid falls directly through the drains, whereas in his a slope is required, representing more excavation—to say nothing of the fact that the liquid is running uncovered through the cow-shed all the time, while in my plan it falls straight into the tank. I did not claim to reduce the quantity of brickwork required, but, as a matter of fact, both with regard to this and to excavation, my scheme compares very favourably with any other *practical* method. The depth of the tank under the soil being so shallow, the foundations of the side walls of the shed provide also the walls of the tank. A front wall must be built in any case to carry the mangers and to tether the animals, and this has to be carried down to the same depth. Only the back wall has to be built entirely. In any case, too, a top must be provided for the tank and a solid stand for the cattle, and to unite the two represents very little extra cost. No stanchions—if by stanchions iron uprights is meant—are required. The excavated soil can be used to great advantage in repairing cart tracks and approaches about the farm. Otherwise it can be put to the use Mr. Calver suggests. It may surprise him to hear that on the Continent cows are not the only things to be considered on the farm. An adjacent flower-garden has not been found incompatible with sound farming, and his satirical suggestions are actual facts in Holland, Belgium and even Germany. As for cleanliness, the tank has a sloping floor and the liquid is drawn up by a manure pump from the outside. Any solid matter that does get in through the drains can easily be swept down to the outer end through the manhole by means of a broom or a board nailed edgeways on to a long handle, and there drawn up by the pump. Afterwards the tanks can be thoroughly flushed with carbolic or any other disinfectant. There is no need for trivial discussion of the subject, but technical information can easily be obtained."—ED.]

A CONFIDING CHAFFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the photograph of this chaffinch will be interesting enough for your paper. The bird comes regularly to take crumbs for its little ones, and keeps on returning for more and more. We watched him fly direct to the nest, which was in a tree quite rooysds. away. Now that the young

are able to fly we see him feed them on a branch near the house. He even flies to an upstairs window and alights on anyone's hand to take crumbs.—C. THOMAS.



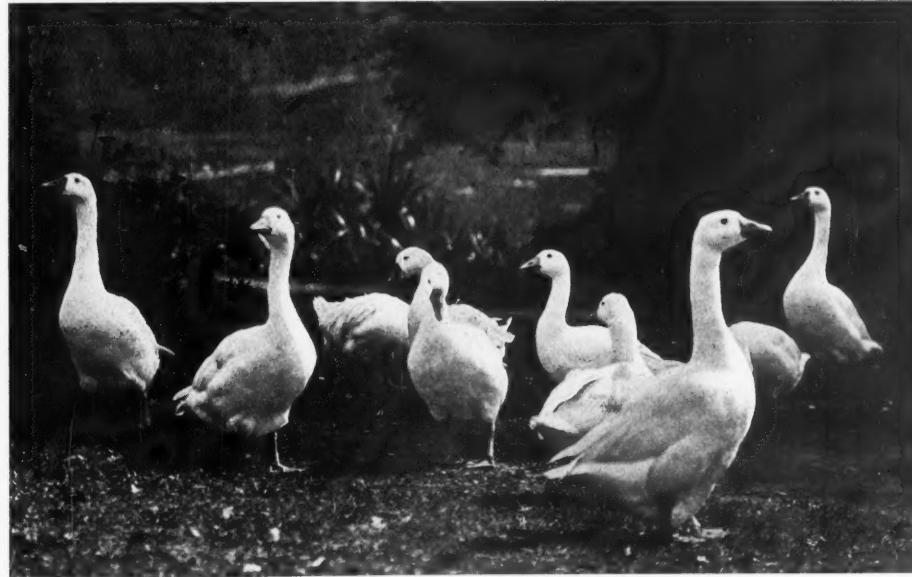
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE FAMILY.

trees and bushes around. Cuckoos always abound.—G. E. DUBERLY, Lewes.

THE MANAGEMENT OF SEBASTOPOL GEESE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me any information about Sebastopol geese? Whether they are hardy or need any special care and protection during the months of wet and cold that constitute an English winter? I photographed these birds at Kew, where the flock was parading about, and was especially struck with the beautiful plumage of the male birds, whose feathers on the back were inverted and curled right over the wrong way—towards their heads instead of away from them. The pure whiteness of the birds was so attractive that I wonder these Sebastopol geese are not more often seen.—M. G. S. BEST.



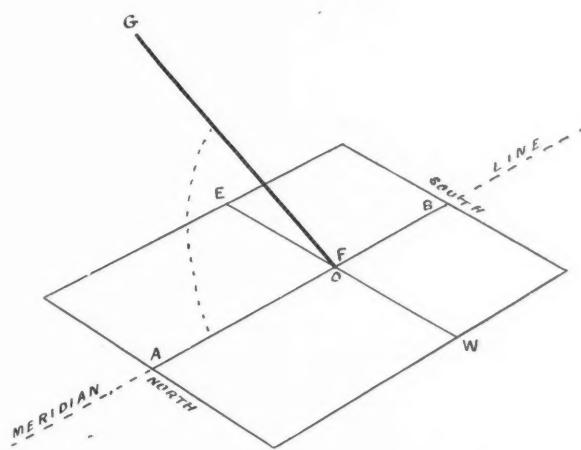
SEBASTOPOL GEESE AT KEW.

SIMPLE METHOD OF DETERMINING LATITUDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember that in November last you published an admirable article by Colonel F. P. Washington, R.E., on the construction and marking of simple sundials. Your contributor gave some diagrams which enable anyone to construct and set a dial, given a knowledge of the latitude of the site and a determination of the meridian line. Can you now publish an equally simple method for determining latitude when proper instruments, etc., for the purpose are not available?—N. K.

[We have communicated our correspondent's enquiry to Colonel Washington, who sends the following note and diagram: "Having determined the direction of the meridian line, draw on any board or card a straight line A B (see Fig.), and place it so that the line A B coincides with the meridian line, care being taken that the surface is truly horizontal. Through any point O in A B draw a straight line E O W at right angles to A B. Note the time by a watch when the sun passes the meridian, and six hours later (by the same watch) place a thin rod or pin F G so that one end F is at O, raising the other end G in a vertical plane (*i.e.*, in the plane of the meridian) until the shadow of the rod coincides with the line O E on



the horizontal surface. The angle G O A will then be the latitude of the place, for the position of the rod will be the same as that of the edge of the gnomon or style of a horizontal dial facing due south constructed for that place.—F. P. W."—ED.]

"GOOD JACK, GOOD GILL."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of passing interest to some of your readers to know that the term "A good Jack and his good Gill" has been often applied to homely and thrifty couples among villagers who live the real country life—simple, hearty, affectionate folk who live for and help one another as well as their poor neighbours. I have never heard the term applied except in the happiest sense of commendation, and it is to be hoped that the expression is still in use among the homeliest of country folk and has no relation to the comic "Jack and Gill who went up the hill to fetch a pail o' wa-a-ter"—an almost impossible happening, since springs or wells are not usually found up a hill. Good old Tusser had the real sort in his mind when he wrote the lines "A. H." quotes, and I have no doubt but that such were more plentiful in his day than in ours, though there are Jacks and Gills of a sort still to be met with—Jacks who take as much of the burdens of life from their Gill's shoulders and Gills whose housewifery efforts are solely to help their Jacks.

The advice "A. H." quotes needs badly to be given now, since "every Jack and every Gill in our town has put the shoulder to it with the intention of pulling through, neither the one breaking his crown nor the other come tumbling after." And certainly neither a century ago nor now are implements used to fill fence gaps, nor tumbrils, ploughs or carts "left to rot in the fields," and the "Good Jack, Good Gill," are still with us.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

NOT A "NO TRUMP" HAND.
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—A little while ago an extraordinary hand of cards came under my knowledge, and if you care I can give the names of witnesses. Solo whist was being played, and one of the players, whom I know, held the thirteen diamonds. Could you possibly tell me the odds against this? I need hardly say that the cards had not been "faked" in any way.—F. H. PEARCE.

PREPARING FOR THE COMING WINTER.
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—There have been in the past many gardens from which the surplus plants of greens, celery, lettuces and leeks have been thrown away. In this year of stress and strain there should be no waste of such.

May I suggest in your columns that if it is found impossible for any individual to distribute them, help might be sought from, and, I hope, willingly granted by, ministers of religion and teachers in our primary schools? These should know where such are most needed.—THOMAS ALLEN.



A TORCH EXTINGUISHER.

lighting, but when people were allowed link boys with torches to guide them after dark.—E. M. M.

SHEEP KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—You may like to use the enclosed photograph, as I think it would interest many of your readers. In one of the many heavy thunderstorms which have been passing over Herts lately the three sheep were killed. When the flash of lightning came the sheep with their lambs were huddled together, and the sheep were instantly killed, the lambs escaping. The sheep had recently been shorn and had no wool on their bodies, while the lambs were covered with wool. This being a non-conductor of electricity no doubt saved their lives. It is rather a remarkable incident, and I thought you might like a photograph.—OLIVER G. PIKE.

**A NOVEL
PIGSTY.**

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—I herewith forward a photograph (amateur) taken of an old pollarded elm inhabited by the store pig of the farm, thinking possibly the snapshot may be of sufficient interest to be worth insertion in your paper,



THE PIG'S COSY CORNER.

where I have frequently observed photographs of such curiosities. The pig displayed considerable interest in the Kodak, and put on his best smile for the occasion. A close study will show even the spouting which conveys the rainwater in winter, during the leafless months, off his roof of corrugated iron. In spite of its age and hollow trunk the tree is still quite vigorous. On the further side, which cannot be seen in this picture, it shows enormous surface roots, and inside is quite spacious and cosy.—B. E.

THE LITTLE OWL.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—About a month ago Mr. A. Beale of Banell Fields, near Hinckley,



NESTING UNDER A SHEEP TROUGH.

went into one of his meadows to bring down two sheep troughs that lay turned over. Under the first he discovered



THE SHORN MOTHERS KILLED—THE WOOLLY LAMBS UNTOUCHED.

a little owl, which had apparently got in at the far end, sitting on three eggs. She allowed him to lift her up. He turned the trough back and left her there. Subsequently Miss Bonser of the Church Farm, Elms-thorpe, brought her camera. The owl was sitting but flew off. There were then (May 26th) two eggs and a little chick, just like a small piece of cotton wool. A fortnight later (June 9th) there were two chicks. Near the nest was a quantity of beetle wings, and on one occasion seven field mice, a apparent evidence of this little owl's blameless tastes.—A. V. GARDNER TILEY.